

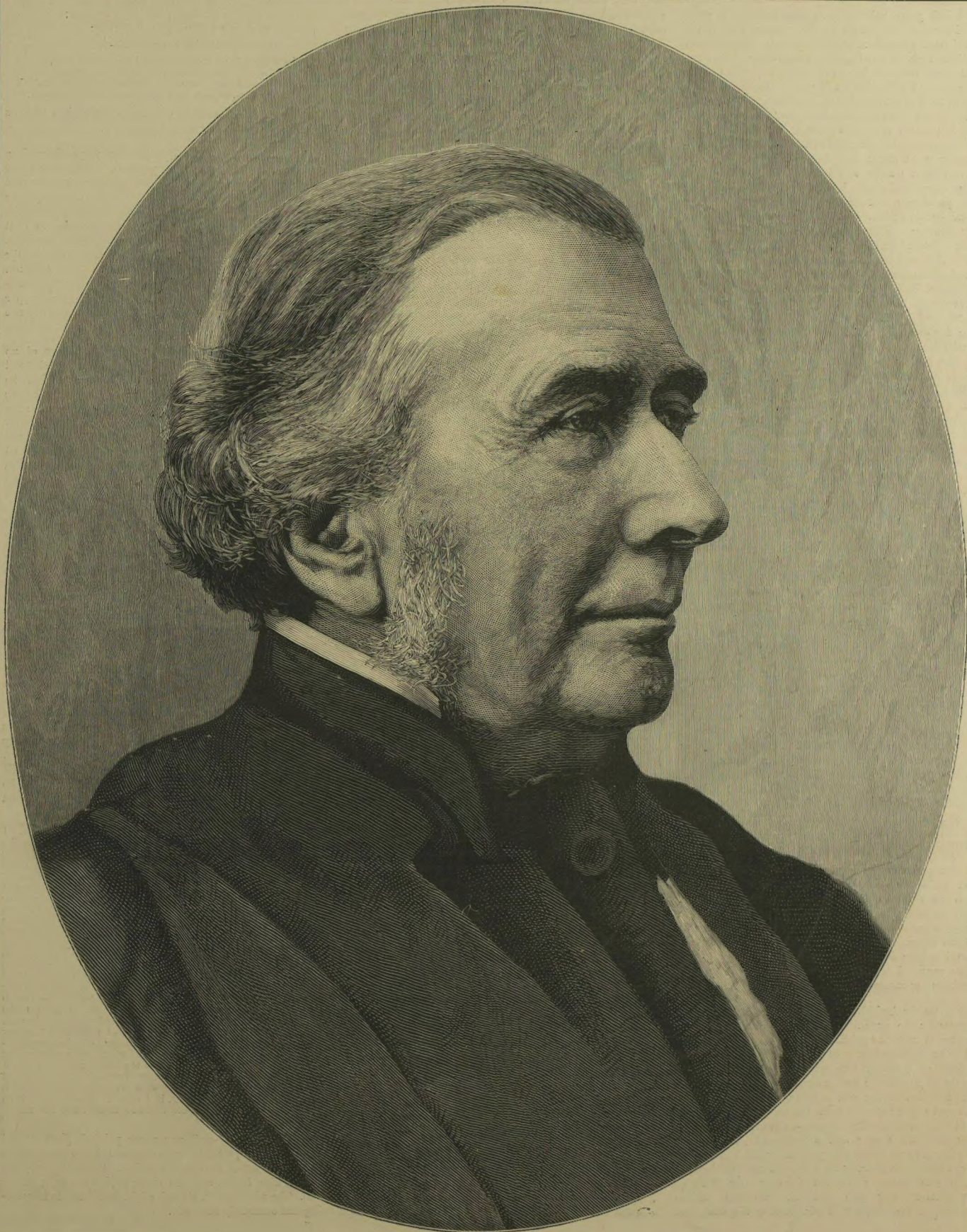
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THE LATE DEAN VAUGHAN.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The interesting record of the House of Blackwood, recently given to the world, throws a fierce light upon the publishing business as it existed in old times, and, as might be expected, not altogether to its advantage. Some things were better as regards the relations of publisher and author, but some were worse. There were vulgarities which in these days would be impossible, as in the letters of Blackwood to De Quincey and Walter Scott—in the one case written, as it seems, with impunity; in the other resented with a vehement and natural indignation. But there was, on the whole, a loyalty upon both sides, which in our times literary agents have not been the only agents in rendering exceptional.

Notwithstanding the reams of controversy that have been of late years printed upon this subject, a great deal of ignorance still exists on the matter, and is the chief cause of mutual misunderstanding. Competition, which has now attained great proportions, has complicated what used to be a very simple question. For example, when a writer has made a name for himself by a first book, he has not one, but half-a-dozen offers for his second. In old times he would have stuck to his original publisher; perhaps for friendliness, but also, perhaps, because there were no other bidders. Some more favourable arrangement would have been made for the second work, and both parties would have been content. A common complaint made by such an author to-day is that publishers ask him to name his own price for their consideration. "This," he says, "is surely not my business. How the deuce should I know what the book is worth? All I want is to sell it to the highest bidder." It is very reasonable that he should indulge in these reflections, but also very reasonable that the publishers should decline to show their hand. They have no objection to bid for his book, but they must have some guarantee that he will not show their bid to a rival. Suppose, for example, that Brown is a well-known publisher who is credited with literary intelligence, and bids £100. The author may then go to Jones, an inferior publisher, and tell him what has happened. "Well," says Jones to himself, "Brown is a clever fellow. If he offers £100, the book must be worth that, at all events; I'll make it guineas." All Brown's cleverness and high character thus go for nothing; indeed, they are actually taken advantage of to his own detriment. Is it likely, therefore, that Brown would put himself in such a false position? But the author, notwithstanding all that he has read about "the publishing question," is utterly ignorant of this difficulty. Indeed, unless the case happens to have been thus put before him, he is even unaware of the impropriety of showing Brown's bid to Jones. Brown, on the other hand, cannot conceive he can be so ignorant, and dares not ask him to promise secrecy because it seems to suppose him capable of dishonourable conduct. As to the mere competition, Brown is the last man to shrink from it, and, if it were fairly carried out, would certainly get the book.

A very courteous correspondent points out an error in a recent "Note," in which Dr. Fell is called "a well-known medical practitioner." It would have been easy to add that "every schoolboy knew" he was a D.D., Dean of Christ Church, and afterwards Bishop of Oxford. I so often feel that I am in a much lower class than that hateful boy (invented by Macaulay) that the reproof would have been no more hurtful than rain on a duck's back; but to be treated so tenderly instead of finding a rod in pickle has quite upset me. "I do not offer this note," says my correspondent, "as a correction so much as information of probable interest." I have always been rather puzzled about the reproof that is "an excellent oil which shall not break my head," but here is the receipt for it.

In connection with the beneficial effects of crying, alluded to in the same "Note Book," a correspondent reminds me that the discovery is not a new one. Mr. Bumble recommends it from a sanitary point of view, in terms quite as eulogistic as Science now applies to it: "It opens the lungs, washes the countenance, exercises the eyes, and softens down the temper—so cry away." The effect as regarded Mrs. Bumble was far from satisfactory, but perhaps her case was exceptional.

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has stated that it is better for the agricultural labourer to read novels at home than to go to the public-house. This scarcely strikes me as being fulsome praise of fiction; still, praise of any kind from an Archbishop is praise indeed. One wonders what sort of novels the agricultural labourer will prefer. Think of Hodge toying with a volume of Ouida! What will he make of the marble halls, the purple garments, the flash of gems, and all the harmonious accompaniments of twenty thousand a year and a pedigree? Or in contemplating his own picture as painted by Mr. Hardy, will he recognise those philosophic observations, that homely wit, as the property of his family? Or will he throw himself, clay pipe and all, into the Middle Ages, and, in the company of Mr. Stanley Weyman, find

in the shock of battle forgetfulness of a life of toil? One would like to see a list of the Hundred Best Novels as recommended to him by the Archbishop, and the shorter list he will select by himself. The system of advertisement will have to be altered to suit the new conditions: the plebiscite of the customers of the Town Library will be no longer so much sought after. We shall have to become accustomed to "The Favourite of the Hamlet," "The Joy of the Peasant," and, in comparison with them, the postcards from Hawarden itself will have to take a back seat. Instead of the talk on the hayrick, or beside the harvest wagon, being upon bullocks, and even subjects of less importance, there will be conversations upon the comparative merits of "Monte Cristo" or "The Three Musketeers." The want of topics of conversation that has been so much remarked upon in agricultural courtships will now be supplied. No more in the spring-time shall we see Corydon and Phyllis sitting hand in hand by the brook or under the hawthorn-tree in an embarrassed silence. They will exchange their views upon the novels they have perused during the winter months, and dearly should I like to hear their criticisms. Just at first there will be a difficulty in supplying the novels. The Village Book Club will never do it. Even as it is, the novel-readers who belong to it are very much obstructed by those members of the committee who wish to be elevated rather than amused; and the question of how Hodge is to be brought into "connection with Mudie" will be a serious one.

In the *Architectural Review* an interesting feature has, I hear, been begun in a series of articles on architecture in poetry and fiction, in which the writer constructs, from the descriptions of the various authors, the building in which the action of their stories takes place. The idea is an excellent one, but one fails to see how we are to decide upon its success. Who can say whether the "Castle of Indolence" has been described sufficiently well as to be recognised in an auctioneer's catalogue? One knows of word-painting that no portrait of a heroine has ever been accepted by a reader; he "makes a picture in his mind" quite independently of what is presented to him; while the description of a landscape—unless there are some very salient features in it—is quite unrecognisable. It may be a humiliation to fiction to confess as much, but such is the fact. In a description of architecture the novelist has a better chance of success. It would be interesting to set a capable drawing-class the task of realising a castle, which should have an actual existence, from the description of it by some master of fiction like Walter Scott: the prize to be given to him who best shows the likeness, and who, of course, has never seen the original. I am afraid it would not be very like.

Considering what has been done for lunatics of late years, the difficulties that are put in the way of their being confined, and the ease with which they are let out again to the danger of the sane, it is strange to read that a gentleman has been declared out of his mind who had only one delusion—and that, too, such a little one! His belief was that he was never born and would never die. As to the first, though he might be rather singular in his opinion, it would be difficult to prove him wrong; and as to the second, so long, at all events, as he was alive, he would seem to be in the right. Some people are very particular about their births and deaths, and others not. There is a story of a General whose death was announced in a newspaper by mistake—a circumstance which annoyed him very much. He called on the editor and demanded that a contradiction should be inserted in the next issue. "That, General," was the editor's reply, "is quite out of the question. We never apologise and we never withdraw a statement; but I tell you what we'll do for you. We'll put you in the 'Births' next week."

There is always something touching in the struggles of a failing industry. Once it was prosperous, or apparently so; it was praised by its patrons, and when it began to wane was assisted by them; it had bonuses given for its support; hopes were expressed that after a time it might be set going again. And all the while in our heart of hearts we knew that the thing was doomed. This has happened with the manufacture of Latin verse, so long carried on, under the highest patronage, at our public schools. A most touching appeal for its preservation has lately been published by a Head Master; and all lovers of this intricate and curious branch of education are urged to make a last stand under his banner, with its glorious motto (in Latin of course), "Always the Same." The affair is perfectly hopeless; there is an immense supply of the article, and only a very small and artificial demand for it. Nobody cares for it; even the best specimens are admired only by their own makers, who do not hesitate to make the most odious comparisons with the products of their rivals. Only half a dozen or so out of every hundred who devote themselves to this industry are skilled workers; the rest produce the merest rubbish, and are quite aware of it. Since Latin verse by modern makers has no beauty and no usefulness, its advocates find it difficult to give reasons for its retention; but they have hit on the notion that, though it teaches nothing, "it trains and stimulates the mind." School, they say, is not a

place for education, but one in which we learn to educate ourselves when we are grown up. Every student of mankind must have observed how, when once emancipated from school and college, we all set to work to do this. It is ill done to insult even an industry when a-dying, but the fact is that but for the bonuses given by the Universities the manufacture of Latin verse would long ago have ceased. It would be interesting to know how far, as regards the general public, Latin verse-making at school has been rendered popular by the Eton boy's verse upon the miracle of Cana—

Vidit et crubuit nympha pudica Deum
(The conscious water saw its God, and blushed).

It is a story that has been very often told, but is utterly without foundation. Richard Crashaw wrote the Latin epigram on the miracle—

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura lymphis?
Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutuat aquas?
Numen (convivæ) presens agrosite Numen;
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et crubuit.

It runs thus translated by Aaron Hill—

When Christ, at Cana's feast, by power divine,
Inspird cold water with the warmth of wine,
"See," cried they, while in reddening tide it gushed,
"The bnsful stream hath seen its God, and blushed."

There is not much merit in either production, but such as there is does not belong to any schoolboy.

In one of Mr. Gilbert's charming plays there is a magician who dispenses "penny curses." This struck one as a cheap rate for even lay denunciation, but it now appears that theological blessings in printed slips can be obtained by persons of the Mohammedan persuasion at the same cost. In a foreign sailors' lodging-house in East London they are supplied by a penny-in-the-slot machine. What is very sad, upon the machine's being opened the other day by the proper authorities, it was found that not a few of the blessings had been obtained on false pretences—by dummies instead of real coins. This seems a very poor compliment on the part of the Faithful to the intelligence of Allah.

The examples of history, it has been said, are of no more practical service to us than the foam which is chained from her stern to a ship in full sail, but he who made the observation must have forgotten the use our novelists have made of them. Where is the campaign or even the battle that has not been thus utilised? That such subjects have been so drawn upon as to be almost exhausted is suggested by the fact of the abortive French rebellion in Canada being made the subject of a novel by so experienced a writer as Mr. Gilbert Parker. In "The Pomp of the Laviettes," there is, however, very little of the historical element. The author concerns himself with the fortunes of a few persons in the provincial town of Bonaventure, mainly with the members of a single household and their visitor, the Honourable Tom Ferrol. This gentleman, the portionless son of a poor Irish peer, is welcomed by the Laviette family (who are but farmers) partly by reason of his superior rank, but chiefly on account of his charming manners, handsome appearance, and delightfully high spirits. He has also two genuine virtues: devotion to an invalid sister (for whom he begs, borrows, and even steals) and an indomitable courage. For the rest he has no God, no heart, no principle of any kind, save never to lose a single enjoyment, no matter what it may cost anybody else, nor, for that matter, himself. He marries one daughter of the house, and makes the other love him; he betrays his kind host to the English; and yet to the last, and especially at the last, one cannot prevent feeling some pity for him. He is in a galloping consumption, but that does not quell his courage; unless when after a spasm of coughing he feels his life blood in his mouth, he is always hopeful, and he never deceives himself—

"I don't believe I ever could have run straight in life. I couldn't have been more than four years old when I stole the peaches from my mother's dressing-table; and I lied just as coolly then as I could now! I made love to a girl when I was ten years old." He laughed to himself at the remembrance. "Her father had a foundry. She used to wear a red dress, I remember, and her hair was brown. She sang like a little lark. I was half mad about her, and yet I knew that I didn't really love her. Still I told her that I did. I suppose it was the cursed falseness of my nature. I know that whenever I have said most, and felt most, something in me kept saying all the time, 'You're lying—you're lying—you're lying!' Was I born a liar? I wonder if the first words I ever spoke were a lie? I wonder, when I kissed my mother first, and knew that I was kissing her, if the same little devil that sits up in my head now said then, 'You're lying—you're lying—you're lying!' It has said so enough times since. I loved to be with my mother; yet I never felt, even when she died—and, God knows, I felt bad enough then—I never felt that my love was all real. It had some infernal note of falseness somewhere, some miserable, hollow place where the sound of my own voice, when I tried to speak the truth, mocked me! I wonder if the smiles I gave before I was able to speak at all were only blarney? I wonder, were they only from the wish to stand well with everybody, if I could? It must have been that; and how much I meant and how much I did not mean, God alone knows!"

A franker ne'er-do-well was never painted; they are not so uncommon, probably, as is supposed, but Ferrol stands apart from them, a unique creation. Christine Laviette is a striking figure, and the sister Sophie a most pathetic one. The whole story, though slight and short, is interesting and extremely dramatic.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE DEAN VAUGHAN.

The conventional expressions of regret and appreciation must fail altogether to describe the character of the loss which the religious life of England has sustained by the death, on Oct. 15, of Dean Vaughan. In most of the circumstances of his career parallels can without difficulty be found; but for the peculiar kind of influence which he exercised, it is not easy to discover a match. The religious life of the nation is scarred and seamed by so many antagonisms and divisions that the removal of one who in so distinct a manner belonged rather to Christendom than merely to the Church of England is a loss not easily to be gauged. Nor does it seem the less because it has been for some time impending. For three years Dean Vaughan has been an invalid, and more than once within that period his life has seemed to hang by a thread.

The main facts of Dean Vaughan's career are soon told. His home was Leicester, a town with which, like two generations of his family, he himself had in manhood intimate connection. His father was at one time Vicar of St. Martin's and All Saints, Leicester, to the former of which incumbencies the son succeeded. Charles John Vaughan was born in 1816. At the age of thirteen he went to Rugby, where Arnold was his Head Master, and A. P. Stanley his friend. He proceeded to Cambridge, gathered up prizes and medals, and divided the honours of Senior Classic with the late Lord Lytton. A fellowship of Trinity came as a matter of course. On that fellowship Vaughan was ordained, and the Bishop of Peterborough appointed him to St. Martin's, Leicester. Defeated by Tait in the election of a successor to Arnold at Rugby, Vaughan was in 1844 appointed to succeed Christopher Wordsworth as Head Master of Harrow. The fortunes of the school were then at their ebb; but with the appointment of Vaughan the tide of prosperity came in. From 1860 to 1869 Dr. Vaughan was Vicar of Doncaster. His successful schoolmaster had in no way obscured his natural capacity for pastoral work. The Doncaster incumbency is still remembered as an epoch in the history of the town. It was followed by the Mastership of the Temple, which he held until the breakdown of his health in 1894. From 1879 he joined with it the Deanery of Llandaff. That he might, over and over again, have been a Bishop is well known; that he refused an Archbishopric has been widely believed.

Since, then, Dr. Vaughan never attained to the highest honours in the Church, to what was his influence due? It may be ascribed very largely to the wonderful simplicity of his character. He was no controversialist; he never wrote or said a word that could encourage the strife of parties. He was no ecclesiastic; and the seminary spirit never touched him. He was a Churchman, and valued its position; but did not attack others, or think little of their services. His attitude towards the Bible seemed always to be that of the simplest reader. He raised no questions, and encouraged no doubts. He was content to press upon his hearers, in pure and lucid English, the simplest lessons of faith and duty. Without eloquence, and certainly without sensationalism, he held a congregation largely composed of men of more than common intellectual acuteness. His sermons, when read, appear simplicity itself; and yet these are the most widely known of modern English homilies.

Yet another work gave Dr. Vaughan an unusual position. When at Doncaster, he began to gather around him a few young graduates reading for holy orders. They came, of course, bringing no fee or reward in their hands; and one of the few letters suggestive of anger which Dr. Vaughan was ever known to write came from him when a pushing tax-gatherer in Wales demanded an account of the income the Dean of Llandaff derived from his pupils. England is dotted with clergy so trained; two of the younger Bishops are amongst them. "Vaughan's lambs" are readily distinguishable, in manner as well as in their attitude towards the controversies of the Church. Year by year he was wont to call them together for a renewal of old friendships. His work in this way did signal service to the Church; but it is for the sake of his patient unworldliness, his gracious disposition, and his simple fidelity to his faith that he will longest be held in memory.

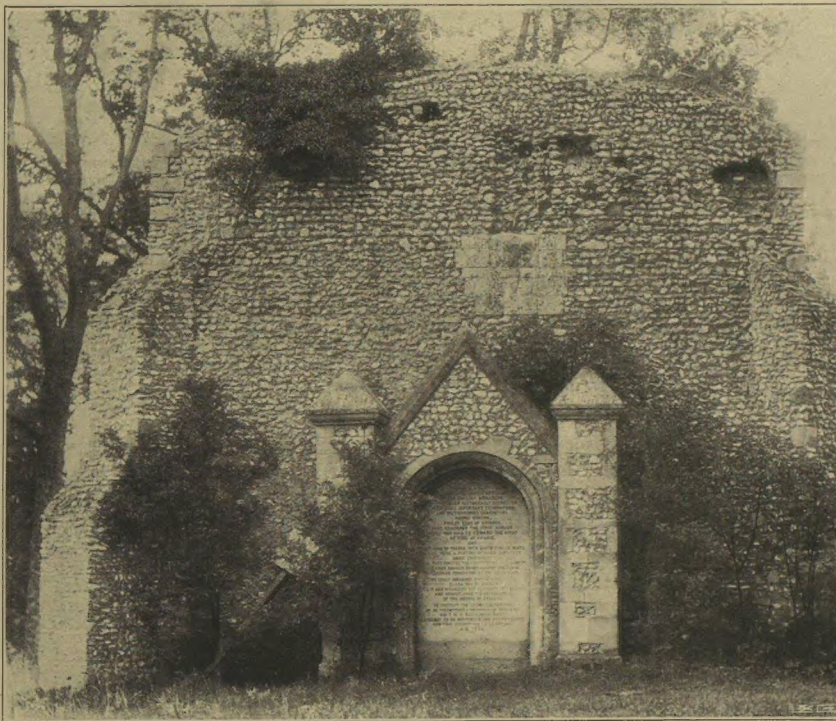
THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

By the time most of our readers at home get this week's publication, General Sir William Lockhart, Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, with the most complete force ever yet brought together for the mere chastisement and repression of hostile mountain tribes on the North-West Frontier, will have proceeded to force his entrance into the Khanki Valley and to subdue the Afridis and Orakzais and their allies in Tirah. A conflict which may perhaps almost deserve to be called a battle is likely to be fought, possibly on Sunday, at the Sampagha Pass,

after which the further advance from day to day will be into the Mastura Valley, over the Arhanga Pass, and to the rendezvous at Maidan, if all goes well, on Wednesday next. The Chagru defile, at Dargai, was cleared on Monday last by Brigadier-Generals Westmacott and Kempster with small loss in fighting. A party of the 6th Bengal Lancers, attacked from an ambush on the road from Mamanni to Bara, lost fifteen men, and Major R. D. Jennings-Bramley was killed. General Sir A. P. Palmer has just taken command, temporarily, of the Second Division, in consequence of the illness of General Yeatman Biggs, who recently conducted, with remarkable skill and success, all the operations begun from Hangu in the second week of September for the relief of the beleaguered forts on the Samana hill range. We have received from one of our valued military correspondents, dated Sept. 15, at Fort Lockhart, two illustrations, one being that of the relief of Gulistan or Fort Cavagnari, as it was sometimes called, in which the 2nd Punjab Infantry (Sikhs), supported by the 1st Battalion of the 3rd Gurkhas, once more showed their alacrity and gallantry, breasting the steep ascent of the Kotai and gaining the summit, in spite of obstinate resistance by the enemy.

A ROYAL RUIN.

In Clarendon Park, near Salisbury, where the Prince of Wales recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hartmann, are the ruins of a royal palace of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. Within its walls, as their name indicates, were drawn up in the reign of Henry II. the famous Constitutions of Clarendon. The present owner of the ruins is Sir Frederick Hervey Bathurst, Bart., ex-Guardsman and famous cricketer, and the son of a



RUINS OF A ROYAL PALACE IN CLARENDON PARK, NEAR SALISBURY.

From a Photograph by Mr. H. C. Masser, Salisbury.

father who was proud of the place before him. It was the late Baronet who placed an inscription on the ruins shown in the photograph we now reproduce.

THE ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN.

There is little fresh news this week of the operations of General Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar, or Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian army with its British military aid, on the remote Nubian banks of the Nile, which are now being rapidly brought into direct and expeditious connection by a railroad across the Desert as well as by a steam-boat flotilla up the river, with the base of operations at Wady Halfa. Berber, and the junction point of the Atbara with the Nile some distance above Berber, having been secured, the entire region of that great bend of the river, so conspicuous in every map of the Soudan, where it flows from east to west, instead of from south to north, has been recovered to the dominion of the Khedive's enlightened administration. The capture of Abu Hamed, at which our Special Artist was present, was the crowning success of the late campaign, but could hardly be described as a grand military affair, though it did much credit both to the Soudanese troops of the Khedive and to their British officers. His sketch of their brisk movement in charging and dispersing the Dervishes may well find its place among our illustrations.

THE MARLBOROUGH CHRISTENING.

The christening of the infant Marquis of Blandford, son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, took place last Saturday morning at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, the Prince of Wales being one of the sponsors. The other sponsors for the babe were its father, the Duke of Marlborough, its grandmother, the Marchioness of Blandford, and its grandfather, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt. The Duchess of Marlborough herself was present, and her sisters-in-law, Ladies Lilian and Norah Spencer

Churchill. Other friends and relatives (to whom the company was confined) present included the babe's grand-uncle, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Frederick Hamilton, the Countess of Pembroke, Lord Churchill, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Ladies Scott. The chapel's golden service of altar-plate was displayed, amidst the white of countless chrysanthemums, lilies, and roses; and the choir was arrayed in its scarlet and gold uniform. The sponsors took their places around the font while the baptismal rite was performed by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, the names given to the child being John Albert Edward William. Before the company parted, the Prince of Wales produced a gold cup, with his own arms engraved on one side of it and the Marlborough arms on the other, and presented it to the happy mother to hold for the infant Marquis as a memento of the ceremony.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BATH.

The improvements which the Duke of Cambridge inaugurated at Bath on Oct. 18 show that the old town carries on the traditions of its Roman founders. The Duke, whose father was presented with the freedom of the city eighty-four years ago, laid the foundation-stone of an art-gallery which is to commemorate the Queen's reign; and he also opened the new Pump-Room annexe and Roman promenade, which has been designed to provide accommodation for visitors and to preserve the famous Roman Bath. The bath is in a hall some 110 ft. by 68 ft., and on each side of the water stand the remains of the piers which carried the vaulting of the roof. It is open to the sky, and the old walls, piers, and pavement of the scholæ remain as they were. In acquiring the famous bath, the Corporation has carried out a most interesting experiment in municipal endeavour. The

baths as laid out by the Romans, somewhere about A.D. 60, originally covered from six to seven acres. They were destroyed by the Saxons, were rediscovered in 1754, and acquired by the Corporation just twenty years ago. In the intervening period the work of excavation and restoration has gone on steadily, so that at the present time five baths have been brought back to life. Thus equipped, Bath means to maintain its position as an unrivalled health resort, and in getting the Duke of Cambridge to inaugurate the improvements, the Corporation have fitly carried on the traditions by which a long string of royalties and folk of fashion have frequented the town for many a day.

REVIVED BISHOPRIC OF BRISTOL.

The election of Dr. Browne, Suffragan Bishop of Stepney, to the revived see of Bristol takes place to-day (Oct. 23) in Bow Church. Simultaneously with the revival of the episcopal office in the historic city of the west, the ancient Cathedral has undergone restoration, and its architectural glories have been brought into conformity with the ampler service which has returned to the venerable pile. In Dr. Browne, Bristol has found a spiritual overseer whose learning, life, and high intent are already proved, and make it a foregone conclusion that his occupancy of the

revived see will be the beginning of great and lasting good to the community. To turn to more mundane questions, however, there is at present just a little difficulty about the new Bishop's residence. Some time ago Mr. Daniel presented a good house for the Bishop's use to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and a sum of £5000 was raised by voluntary subscription to effect the necessary structural alterations, and to build a chapel. On further consideration, however, it has been found that the existing accommodation is scarcely satisfactory, being indeed, in many cases, utterly inadequate to the requirements of an official residence. The site is such as to preclude all hope of extension, and a further objection is the entire absence of garden or private ground. This being so, the Bishop is disinclined to spend subscribers' money on a building of so little promise, and has rented a house in Clifton for a time.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

Continuing our series of illustrations of the scenery through which the voyager to the Klondike gold-fields is journeying, we give this week a study of midnight in June off the Eagle's Nest, on Lewes River. In this part of Canada at midsummer the sun does not really set; its disc is visible at midnight from the hilltops. Eagle's Nest is the most peculiar feature met with along the course of the Lewes: it is about 500 ft. high, the river here being 300 yards wide. This hill is 300 miles from tide water at Skagway.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

MUSIC.

The Carl Rosa Company's opera season has been less full of surprises than one could have expected from the seasons of past years. "Faust," "Roméo," "Carmen," "Cavalleria," and "Pagliacci"—surely London playgoers have had enough of these, whatever may be said for the provinces. Excellent provincial entertainments, no doubt, they are, and given, one is bound to add, in somewhat of a provincial style. Surely, only in the provinces, for example, that weary old trick of deliberately false pronunciation—"ch-e-arming," for "charming," "gy-arden," for "garden," and so on—still flourishes like the green bay-tree; and it is a fault from which certain members of this company are by no means conspicuously free. One novelty in the past, in the shape of "La Bohème," and one in the future, in the shape of the Marquis of Lorne's and Mr. Hamish MacCunn's "Diarmid," seem to exhaust that side of the bargain, although it is true that we have been promised "Tristan."

The grand opera "Diarmid," which will be produced to-night, is as interesting for what it is intended to represent as for what it may actually achieve, for it expresses in the conventions of music that vague something which we call the Celtic spirit, and which its authors, the Marquis of Lorne and Mr. Hamish MacCunn, have each in their separate ways done so much to illuminate. Lord Lorne's contributions to Celtic patriotism in every shape and form, from the unveiling of statues to the writing of books, have always been sane, and form a fitting complement to the interest which the royal family takes in the country at large. Though actually born in London (fifty-two years ago), he is as enthusiastically Celtic as any of the Campbells, of whom his venerable father is the chief, and has displayed much more common-sense in his patriotism than some of his kinsfolk. Mr. MacCunn, who was born in Greenock in 1868, received his musical education in London, but all along his work has been instinct with the very spirit of Celtic romance, of which "Diarmid" is understood to be the highest embodiment. He was first introduced to the public by the performance of his overture "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," at the Crystal Palace. He has written about a hundred songs and twenty part-songs, while his opera "Jeanie Deans" was heard in London two years ago. Mr. MacCunn, who is married to the only daughter of the late

Mr. John Pettie, R.A., marks "Diarmid" as his thirty-fourth *opus*. The scene of the opera is laid in Erin during the second century. There are six principal characters: Diarmid, a hero of the Feinne (the tenor); Fionn, King of the Feinne; and Eragon, King of the Norse. The woman interest is represented by the Queen (Grania) and the daughter (Eila) of Fionn and Freya, the Norse goddess of love; while the chorus is made up of Norse warriors, hunters; gnomes, hobgoblins, Scottish soldiers, and other nondescripts. Lord Lorne has displayed the

Mr. Ludwig's Hans Sachs, though terribly nervous, had the merit of sincerity and intelligence. Mr. Homer Lind's Beckmesser is not so good as it was: this promising young actor and singer must be generously warned to avoid emphatic mannerisms and every form of exaggeration with the utmost care. He has a fair style, which he shows a regrettable tendency to stretch to breaking point; he must not be afraid of reserve, and must sedulously run away from all heavy-villain provincial tricks of gesture and of gait. Mr. Frank Wood's David has a good deal of genuine humour, and he sings better than anybody in the company, so far as the men go.

The Promenade Concerts for the present season came to an end on Saturday with a concert for Mr. Robert Newman's benefit. On the evening before an elaborate Wagner programme was gone through with enormous success by Mr. Henry Wood and his capital orchestra. He gave us extracts from the "Ring," from "Tristan," from "Meistersinger," from "Tannhäuser," and from "The Flying Dutchman"; and though he played somewhat noisily, he seemed a great and legitimate success throughout. Indeed, it would not be easy to say how valuable these concerts have been in the past towards educating a large section of the London public into an appreciation and knowledge of the best that is in music. The Wagner fever has in consequence spread to an amazing extent, and it is curious to note how critically the audience receive examples of Wagner's work which are new and a little strange to their ears. On Friday, for example, the Shepherd's music from the third act of "Tristan," which certainly does require familiarity, was received

with a good deal of perplexity. On the other hand, the more familiar "Meistersinger" extracts and the "Walkürenritt" were followed by frantically enthusiastic applause.

The first of the Richter Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Vert, was given at the Queen's Hall on Monday. Of course, Herr Richter played with all his great insight and distinction, but the programme selected for the occasion was somewhat heavy. The early Tchaikowsky suite, for example, though it has all the germs of the great later style that has conquered the world, is not of itself exceedingly engrossing, and Brahms's Fourth Symphony is, though extremely learned and finely constructed, not an inspiring work. The Good Friday music from "Parsifal" and the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe" complete the tale of the concert.



Photo J. Cassell Smith.

MR. HAMISH MACCUNN.

THE COMPOSER AND AUTHOR OF THE NEW OPERA, "DIARMID."

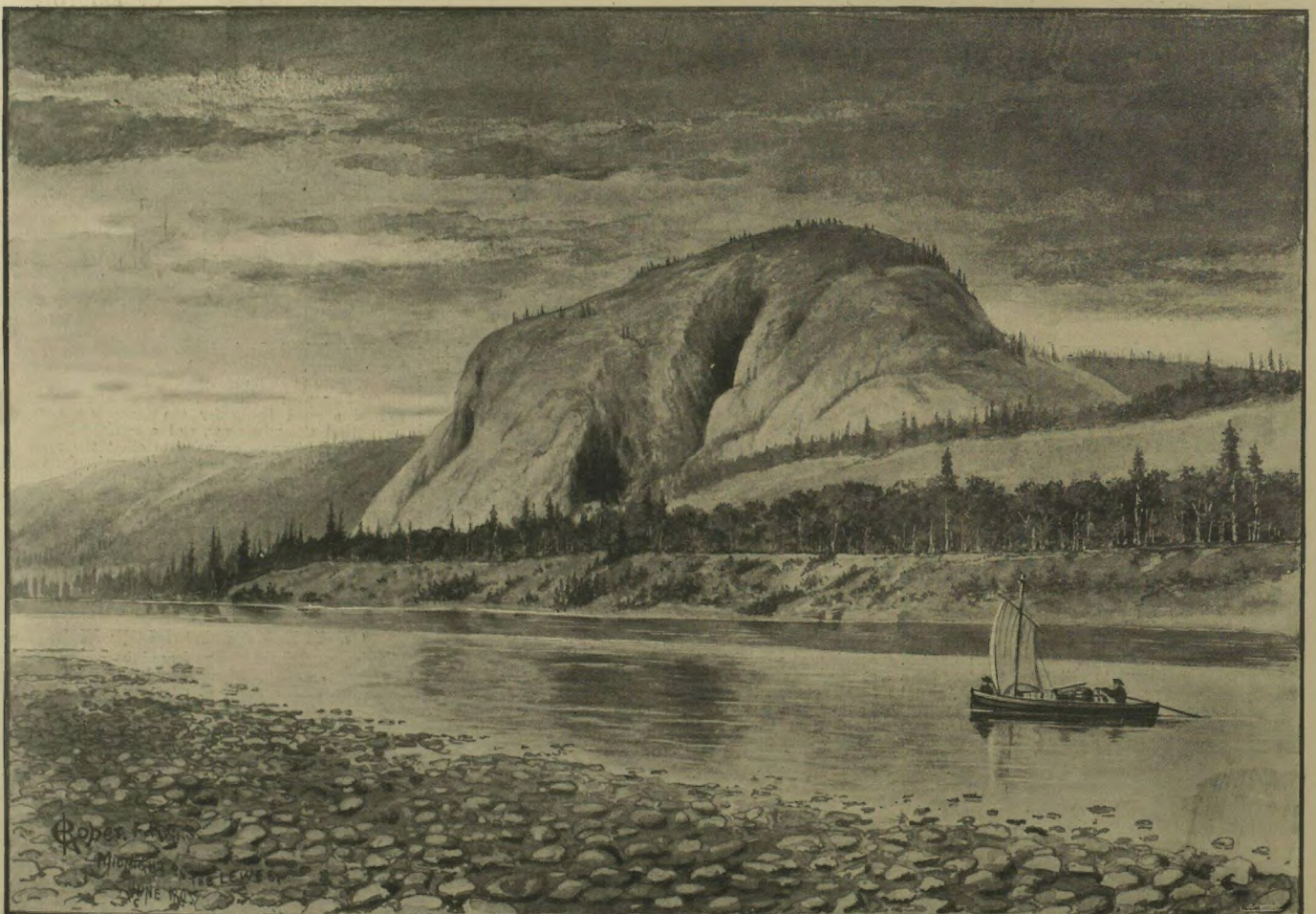


Photo J. Cassell Smith.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

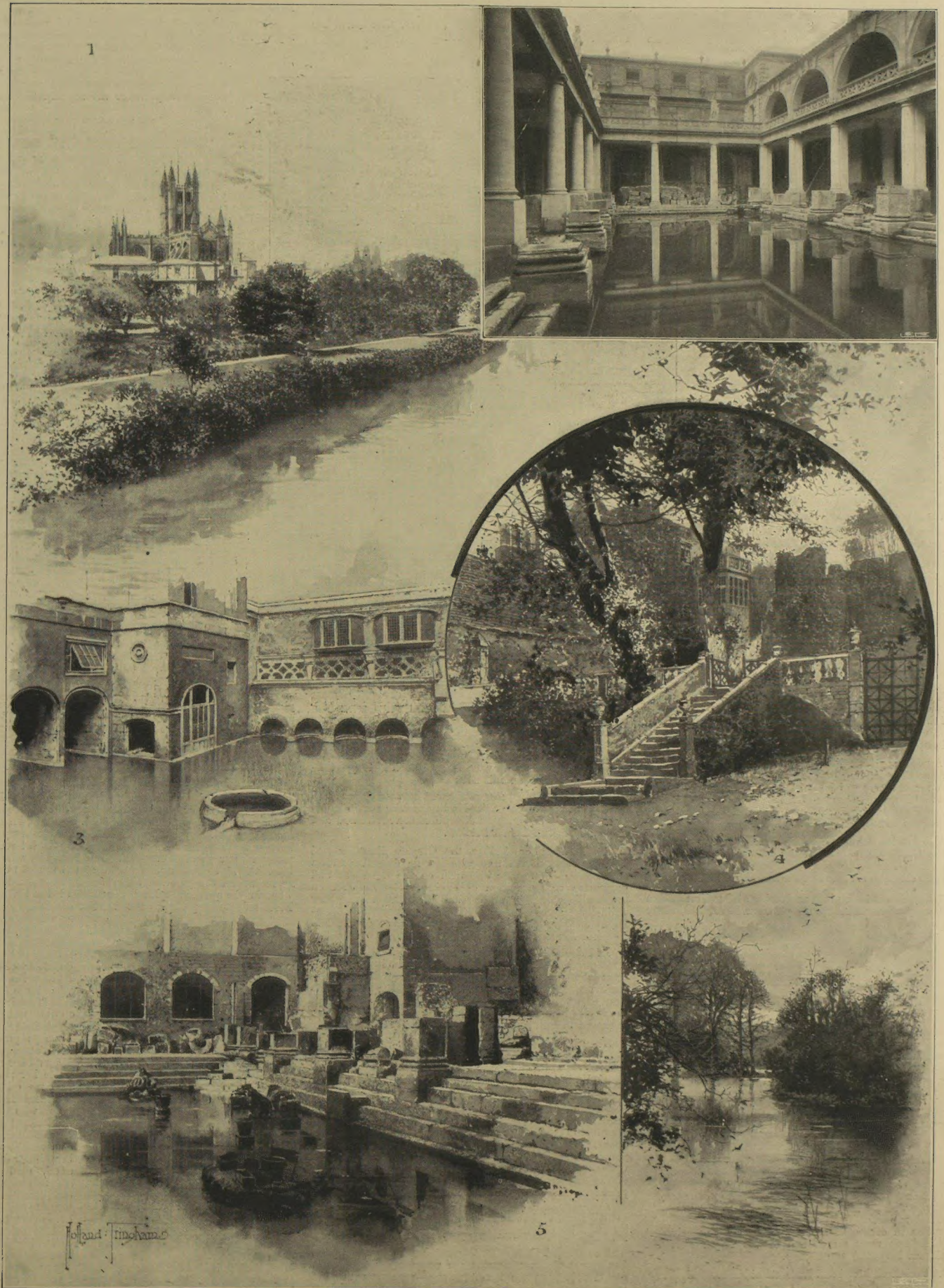
keenest interest in the production, of which much is expected to-night.

The most ambitious effort of the season so far has been the English version of "Die Meistersinger," which last year at the Garrick achieved quite a fair measure of success. This year by no means the same artistic result was obtained. Mr. Whitney Mockridge had been advertised to sing the part of Walther, but at the end of the second act, owing to indisposition, he was compelled to retire, and his place was taken by Mr. Berthald, who sang his part in the last act in German. The curious polyglot result was by no means agreeable, and one simply had to forget Wagner and all his exactions and try to enjoy such extracts from the exquisite music as were sung tolerably well. Miss Alice Esty repeated a former success in her Eva, and



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: MIDNIGHT IN JUNE AT EAGLE'S NEST, LEWES RIVER, NEAR LITTLE SALMON RIVER, YUKON COUNTRY.

Drawn by Edward Roper.



1. The Abbey and River from North Parade Bridge. 2. The Restored Roman Bath. 3. The King's Bath and Mineral Spring. 4. St. Catharine's Court. 5. The Great Roman Bath before Restoration.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BATH: VIEWS OF THE TOWN.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Balmoral has been visited by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who was her guest until Friday, and by the Duchess of Albany with Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont. Lord James of Hereford is staying at the Castle.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday attended the christening of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, of which we give an illustration and separate notice. He was also at the wedding, at St. George's, Hanover Square, of the Marquis of Waterford to Lady Beatrix Fitzmaurice. His Royal Highness went on Monday to visit the Earl of Albemarle at Quidenham Hall, Norfolk. The Princess of Wales left Denmark on Tuesday to return home.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held on Saturday at the Foreign Office.

The strike in the engineering trade still continues. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, in reply to suggestions from correspondents, say that as individuals they cannot mediate in the dispute. A thousand boiler-makers in London stopped work on Saturday; their act is disapproved by the executive council of their trade union at Newcastle, but they have not acquiesced. This has stopped much ship-repairing on the Thames.

The master cotton-spinners met the work-people's deputations at Manchester on Monday in a conference upon the necessity of reducing wages 5 per cent. because of the depressed state of the trade. The "operatives" take a fortnight to consider.

The election for the Middleton Division of Lancashire is contested between Mr. W. Mitchell, the Conservative, who favours an Eight-hours Bill for miners, and Alderman Duckworth, the Liberal candidate. Captain Blyth, in whose support, as a Conservative Ministerialist, a letter has been written by Mr. Chamberlain, vindicating the Workmen's Compensation Act, is opposed in the Barnsley Division by Mr. Walton, Liberal, and Mr. Peter Curran, Independent Labour champion. Mr. Charles M'Arthur is Liberal Unionist candidate for the Exchange Division of Liverpool.

At a Liberal party meeting at Slough, on Oct. 13, Lord Carrington predicted a future decisive political victory in the home counties, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone recommended an early attack on the legislative veto of the House of Lords.

The Lords of the Admiralty have this week been making their official inspection at Portsmouth.

A new battle-ship, H.M.S. *Canopus*, has been launched at Portsmouth Dockyard, one of a new class, 300 ft. long and 74 ft. broad, with a displacement of 12,950 tons, fitted with twin screws and engines of 13,500-horse power, having a speed of eighteen knots an hour, armoured like the *Majestic* class, designed to carry four 12-inch great guns, with twenty-two quick-firing, various machine-guns, and torpedoes.

A naval court-martial at Devonport has passed judgment on the stranding of the two torpedo-boat destroyers, with much damage and loss of four lives, on the Cornish coast. Lieutenant-Commander Travers, of the *Thrasher*, was reprimanded for want of care. Lieutenant-Commander Armstrong, of the *Lynx*, was acquitted.

The London County Council has completed the purchase of the North Metropolitan and London Street Tramways Companies' lines and plant and depôts. The Council has passed a resolution in favour of the taxation of ground values.

Disturbances took place on Sunday at One Tree Hill, a piece of open ground between Deptford and Peckham, where a public right of access for recreation has been claimed and disputed. The police were resisted; and several persons taken in custody have been fined or sentenced to a short imprisonment for illegal violence.

The Lord Mayor of London was present at the Colchester Oyster Feast on Wednesday.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has visited Northampton and Derby, with a satisfactory public reception in each of those towns. It has been resolved at Wakefield to erect a memorial of the Right Rev. Dr. Walsham How, the late Bishop.

A Technical School and Institute at the town of Crewe, in Cheshire, and a Sanatorium or Hospital erected by the Municipal Corporation, were opened by the Earl of Crewe on Monday. Lord Herschell on Tuesday spoke at the opening of the new Art Gallery at Reading.

The annual Dairy Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall was held during four days this week. It comprised 178 cows and heifers, 68 goats, 3000 poultry, also pigeons, samples of

milk, cream, butter, and cheese of superior quality (all British), bacon and hams, churns, presses, and other machines, roots and cattle foods, and butter-making contests of skill.

The Maidstone epidemic of typhoid fever seems to have reached its turning-point, the daily rate of new cases being much less; it was only four on Monday. Convalescents are being removed from the hospitals in the town. The number of deaths has been just a hundred. The Queen has sent £50 to the distress relief fund.



LORD JUSTICE LINDLEY, THE NEW MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

A resolution passed by the Congregational Union, which held its autumn meeting last week at Birmingham, condemned the late acts of the Government bestowing increased aid from public funds upon schools under control of the Established Church clergy. The Bishop of Winchester, at a diocesan conference of his clergy, congratulated them upon this advantage.

The details of the peace settlement between Greece and Turkey are now under discussion by special commissioners at Constantinople, but fresh difficulties arise from new and excessive Turkish financial claims.

At Potsdam on Friday the German Emperor and Empress received the medical scientific delegates to an international conference at Berlin on the treatment and prevention or extirpation of leprosy. The Emperor on Sunday consecrated the colours presented to the new regiments of the army. Their Majesties were at Wiesbaden on Monday to unveil the monument of the late Emperor Frederick.

In France, M. Bourgeois, formerly Prime Minister, has made a speech at Chalons congratulating the French nation upon the "alliance" concluded between France and Russia, testified by the visit of President Faure to the Czar at St. Petersburg. The President, at a banquet of the Paris Chambers of Commerce, has spoken of measures to extend French trade and manufactures over the world.

The King of Siam arrived on Saturday at Madrid, was received with gracious favour by the Queen-Regent, and was entertained with a State banquet, a review, and a bullfight. He has sent a magnificent silver salver to the Mayor of Southampton.

Marshal Blanco, the new military Governor of Cuba, sailed for that island on Sunday, and will offer some reforms to the insurgents, but is to have 20,000 additional Spanish troops, if needful, to put down the rebellion. The young lady who escaped from prison in Cuba, Evangelina Cisneros, has safely arrived at New York. She is daughter of the late Governor of the Isle of Pines, who is still a prisoner. Her story excites strong indignation.

The Pope on Oct. 14 attended a Mass performed in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican for a congregation of Irish pilgrims, some of whom were presented to him.

The United States Government has consented to the Conference of expert delegates of Great Britain, America, and Canada upon the Behring Sea seal-hunting question, taking place at Washington, not to admit the representatives of Russia and Japan, who are to hold a separate conference with those of the United States.

A victory has been gained by the Congo Free State troops over the marauding bands of mutinous armed Manyanas in the region west of Lake Albert Edward, in Equatorial Africa. There has been a conflict in the Niger

territory between the Baribas and a party of Haussa troops under British command; three hundred of the Baribas were killed or wounded.

Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of the Cape Colony, in a speech at Prince Albert, said he was learning the Dutch language, which he considered part of his duty. It is a very easy and agreeable task for any Englishman who knows German.

The committee of the Transvaal Volksraad on the report of the Industrial Commission has recommended large fiscal concessions to the gold-mining interest, a reduction of ten shillings per case on dynamite, £200,000 in railway freights, also in the import duties on food, and a South African Congress for the regulation of native labour.

THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

The ancient office of the Master of the Rolls is now prominently before the public on account of the long-talked-of resignation of Lord Esher, who for about fourteen years has most honourably filled the post to which he succeeded on the death of Sir George Jessel. It was hard for him to follow a man who was not only one of the great Judges of the century, but one of the most illustrious of the men who occupied the office. This century gives us such names famous in the law as Sir John Romilly and Lord Lyndhurst, to which may be well added Sir John Leach and Lord Gifford. Going back, one notices in 1614 Sir Julius Caesar, a name that sounds strange in such connection, and Lord Kenyon, and Sir Dudley Digges. On another page we give a portrait record of the holders of the office. Since the recent destruction of the Rolls Chapel the actual office of Master of the Rolls seems to some extent to have lost its peculiar character, and yet it still exists for not a few interesting and important purposes, such as the custody of the records of the realm and the admission of solicitors to the profession. Lord Esher, as the third member of the legal hierarchy, by his learning, common-sense, and vigorous desire for justice, has deservedly made himself very popular, even if a little feared by advocates with bad causes. His successor is to be Sir Nathaniel Lindley, one of the Lords Justices of Appeal. The Right Hon. Sir Nathaniel Lindley is the eldest son of the late Dr. John Lindley, the well-known botanist. Born in 1828, he was educated at University College, London, and was eventually called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. He took silk twenty-five years ago after practice in the Chancery Courts, and attained the dignities of a Judgeship of the Court of Common Pleas, and a knighthood at the same time, in 1875. He was made a Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal in 1881 and a Privy Councillor in the same year. The whole profession will be glad to welcome so sound a lawyer and wise a Judge as the learned author of "The Law of Partnership," and "An Introduction to the Study of Jurisprudence."

THE MARRIAGE OF THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

The marriage of the Marquis of Waterford to Lady Beatrix Fitzmaurice, younger daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne, which was celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Oct. 16, was the most fashionable ceremony that London has seen for a long time, involving the interests of many of our greatest families. The Marquis, who was born in 1873, succeeding his father at the age of twenty, represents on the paternal side those fighting Beresfords who, in the persons of Lord Charles and Lord William Beresford, are, perhaps, the aristocratic idols of the

man in the street; while his mother, who died only recently, was the daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, who stands for all that sport implies to the well-bred Englishman. The bride represents the statesmanlike Lansdownes, while her mother is one of the beautiful Hamiltons who claim the Duke of Abercorn as chief. The church was beautifully decorated, and the magnificence of the twenty tall troopcars of the Blues (the bridegroom's regiment) varied a lively scene. The Prince of Wales, who had just come from the christening in St. James's Chapel of the bride's second cousin, the little Marlborough baby—for Lady Blandford, its grandmother, is Lady Waterford's aunt—was present, and there were Dukes and Duchesses galore—Abercorn, Atholl, Beaufort, Buccleuch, Devonshire, Leeds, Marlborough, Newcastle, and St. Albans. After the ceremony a reception was held at Lansdowne House, which the host of presents had converted into a veritable treasury, and in the afternoon Lord and Lady Waterford left for Coates Castle, Fulbrough, the seat of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn.



THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.



THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

PERSONAL.

The Duke of Cambridge has been given the freedom of the City of Bath, an honour which his father held before him. That was in 1813, and six years later the Duke of Sussex had the same dignity. But these were the days when Bath was the rendezvous of all the smartest people. It is now a wonder in the quiet city, which Jane Austen would not know again, to have a visitor so illustrious as the ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

The Marquis of Londonderry does not need to be so excited as some of the members of the London School Board, over which he presides, about the impending elections. He has not to go through the ordeal of the voting urns; and his own re-election as Chairman is assured, whatever the fortunes of rival parties at the polls. The Marquis, however, has been doing a little anxious work on his own account, for he has been publicly dissenting in the North of England from the policy of the Government, especially in regard to the Employers' Liability Bill, and, what is more significant, he has carried the local Conservative unions with him.

The Earl of Rosebery, who has gone abroad, will not be absent from England long. When he returns he will go to Mentmore for the winter.

The vacancy on the Judicial Bench has been filled by the appointment of Mr. John C. Bigham, Q.C., M.P.



Photo Russell and Sons.
MR. JUSTICE BIGHAM.

The new Judge, whose career at the Common Law Bar is well known, was born in 1840, and is the son of Mr. John Bigham, a merchant of Liverpool. To that city Sir John has further ties, for he has had an enormous practice on circuit there; moreover, he married Georgina, daughter of Mr. John Rogers, of Liverpool, in 1870, and he unsuccessfully contested the Exchange Division of the City in 1892, but successfully in 1895, sitting as a Conservative. The new Judge was once a pupil in the chambers of the present Lord Chief Justice; and he makes a particularly timely addition to the strength of the Queen's Bench Division.

The rumour of the impending resignation of Lord Salisbury has been met with stern denial. Lord Salisbury has gone on so long in politics that it would probably be more fatiguing to him to retire than to continue in his routine. The Prime Minister's health was never better, so far as his head goes; and his dislike of much movement or exercise is little or no bar to the efficient performance of his official duties.

Among the great reformers of railway travelling, the name of George M. Pullman will be as memorable as that of Westinghouse.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

Mr. Pullman, who died suddenly at Chicago on Oct. 19, was born in Chautauqua County, New York, in 1831, and began to earn his living at the age of fourteen. For many years he was engaged in the curious task of raising entire blocks of brick and stone buildings. It was in 1883 that he built his first sleeping-car, at a cost of £3600. That formed the basis of an enormous business, which resulted in the erection of Pullman Town, near Chicago, with a population of 11,000 people, half of whom were engaged in Mr. Pullman's works.

The Lord Chief Justice has been confined to his country house at Tadworth, near Epsom, for the past fortnight in consequence of a nasty knock to his leg, which he got while he was riding. Lord Russell of Killowen is a constant rider, not in the country only, but in town, where all through the summer he is a member of the early morning brigade of equestrians in the Park.

There will be a muster of Judges at Westminster Abbey previous to the opening of the new Law term; but the Roman Catholic Judges—Lord Russell, Sir James Mathew, and Sir John Day—will attend instead a "Red Mass" at the Church of St. Anselm and St. Cecilia in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Mr. Henry Sturmev, of Coventry, has the credit of having made the longest continuous tour yet attempted in an auto-car—namely, a trip from John O'Groat's to Land's End. He completed the 929 miles at the rate of ten miles an hour, starting on Oct. 2, and ending at Land's End on Oct. 19. He was accompanied by one servant, and had about 200 lb. of luggage.

Captain T. F. Newcombe-Jones, of the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, whose portrait we give, was shot dead while

in command of a patrol near Jamburud on the Afghan border, on Sunday last week. Corporal Walton and two horses were killed at the same time, the assailants flying to the hills before they could be caught by Colonel Sullivan's pursuing squadrons.

Lord Burton has declined to follow the gallant lead of the Marquises of Bute and Ripon, of the Earl of Warwick, and other peers in accepting a Mayoralty. The town associated with his name, Burton-on-Trent, approached him this week in a deputation which included Mr. Evershed, M.P., and which prayed him, in the interests of "a healthy and elevated tone in municipal government" to wear the robes and chain of chief magistrate. Lord Burton, however, while expressing a high appreciation of the proposed honour, decided that he could not accept it.

Montagu Square possesses an Act of Parliament, dating from 1813, which protects it from all unruly noises. Under its provisions three boys have been brought into court for breaking the Sabbath calm by calling out the names of newspapers. The rest of London looks on enviously the while, awaiting a similar protection from the next session of Parliament.

Colonel Lugard, who is to be entrusted with the conduct of the mission into the hinterland of Lagos, is now in



Photo Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL LUGARD.

South Africa. He has been summoned home with all speed, however, and orders have been forwarded to him at his port of landing that he is at once to report himself at the Colonial Office to prepare for his trip up the Niger. Colonel John Frederick Lugard, C.B., D.S.O., is a son of General the Right Hon. Sir Edward Lugard, Privy Councillor and G.C.B. He served with the 9th Regiment in the Afghan War of 1879-80; in the

Soudan Campaign in 1885, becoming a Captain in the Norfolk Regiment in that year; in the Burmese Expedition of 1886; since which time he has been in command in British East Africa, and later in the Kalahari Desert in South Africa. Colonel Lugard is a man of the pen as well as of the sword, as witness his volume on "The Rise of Our East African Empire."

Autograph letters and literary manuscripts are to be on exhibition during the coming season at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in New Bond Street. The letters range so widely as to include among their writers St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis de Sales, King Edward VI., and Napoleon Bonaparte; while among the manuscripts will be those of "Endymion" and "Lamia," and others from the hands of Goldsmith and Sir Walter Scott.

Dr. F. W. Barry, Senior Medical Inspector to the Local Government Board, in whose service he was constantly engaged in tracking disease and death down to their sources, has himself died of disease, rather doubtful in its causes. He was found dead in an hotel at Birmingham, his immediate end being due to syncope, induced, said a doctor at the inquest, by the position he had assumed to cut his toe-nails. But an accident Dr. Barry met with, about a year ago, when he struck his head against a stone doorway and had to stay in bed for sixteen weeks, was probably responsible for the sudden death which last week cut short a very useful career. Born at Scarborough, educated at Edinburgh University and at Cambridge, Dr. Barry took his first



THE LATE DR. BARRY.

appointment as Medical Officer of Health in the Craven sanitary district in Yorkshire. It was in 1882 that he became an Inspector in the Medical Department of the Local Government Board, a position he filled with great distinction till the time of his death.

Mr. R. C. Carton, whose long-talked-of play, "The Tree of Knowledge," is to be produced at last by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre on Monday, is a son of the great oculist, Mr. Crichton. From an early period he showed a strong leaning towards stage work, and began his career by acting under the name of R. C. Carton. Within three months of his debut, he was playing the part of Osric in "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, and later, he took the rôle of Courtenay in Tennyson's "Queen Mary." He did not begin his work as a dramatist until 1884, when he collaborated in "The Great Pink Pearl," which was followed by "The Pointsman." He made a success for Mr. Alexander in "Sunlight and Shadow" and "Liberty Hall," two of the most delightful bits of sentimentalism the modern stage has given us.

Two Cabinet Ministers kept their birthdays this week. Mr. Akers-Douglas was forty-six on Wednesday, and to-day Sir Michael Hicks-Beach completes his sixtieth year.

Lord Fincastle, the account of whose gallant attempt to rescue a comrade in the course of the Indian Frontier

warfare we gave last week, is the eldest son of the Earl of Dunmore. His lineage includes some of the most historic of our names; for his mother was a daughter of the Earl of Leicester and his grandmother a daughter of the Earl of Pembroke. Further back the family derives from Lord Charles Murray, a cadet of the ducal house of Athole, who was Master of the Horse to Queen Mary, and was created Earl of Dunmore. Lord Fincastle himself, who is proud to be a Scotsman, was born in 1871; became a Lieutenant in the 16th Lancers when he was twenty; and after passing into the 5th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, became, in 1894, Aide-de-Camp to the Viceroy of India. From the duties of this post, it will be remembered, he obtained a holiday to act as war-correspondent of the *Times* on the Indian Frontier, when the horse of Lieutenant Greaves bolted into the ranks of the enemy at Landikal, and Lord Fincastle followed in a vain attempt to save him—an attempt which the Victoria Cross would certainly reward if the technical objection that the hero was serving at the moment as a civilian, not as a soldier, be brushed out of the way.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Adams is an old hand at Indian service, for he was in the Afghan War of 1879-80, taking an active part in the storming of Asmai Heights, and in the defence of Sherpur. In 1895 he had a hand in the operations in Chitral, being present with the Relief Force in the action near Khar on the descent into the Swat Valley. His brave attempt in company with Lord Fincastle to rescue Lieutenant Greaves in the action at Landikal, in the Swat Valley, will not easily be forgotten by those who have followed the fortunes of the forces engaged in the present frontier trouble, for both he and Lord Fincastle behaved with fine courage and remarkable coolness under a heavy fire.

Sir Edwin Arnold was married on Saturday at Earl's Court to a Japanese lady, for some time a resident in England. The Japanese Minister and his wife were among those present in the church during the ceremony, and so were Sir Arthur and Lady Arnold.

Mr. James Heywood, who died on Oct. 17, was the first President of the Sunday Society, which, by the way, is vigorously working for the opening of the Art Galleries of London after September. Mr. Heywood was also in a way the pioneer of free libraries, for he maintained the one at Notting Hill, out of which grew the public library movement in Kensington, and in which the Sunday Society was formed. Apropos of the "Sabbath-reform" movement, it may be added that a Harrow lady wrote to *Thursday's Times* urging that boys should be taught chess on Sundays.

The decoration of the Nelson column on Trafalgar Day was more artistic than last year, the wreaths hanging from a band three-fourths up the column instead of from the top. The present Lord Nelson has a very fine collection of relics of his great ancestor. It may not be generally known that his eldest son, who is forty-three, calls him Viscount Trafalgar, with the accent on the "Traf."



Photo Dickhuysen, New Bond Street.
LORD FINCASTLE.



Photo Watney, Regent Street.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. B. ADAMS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



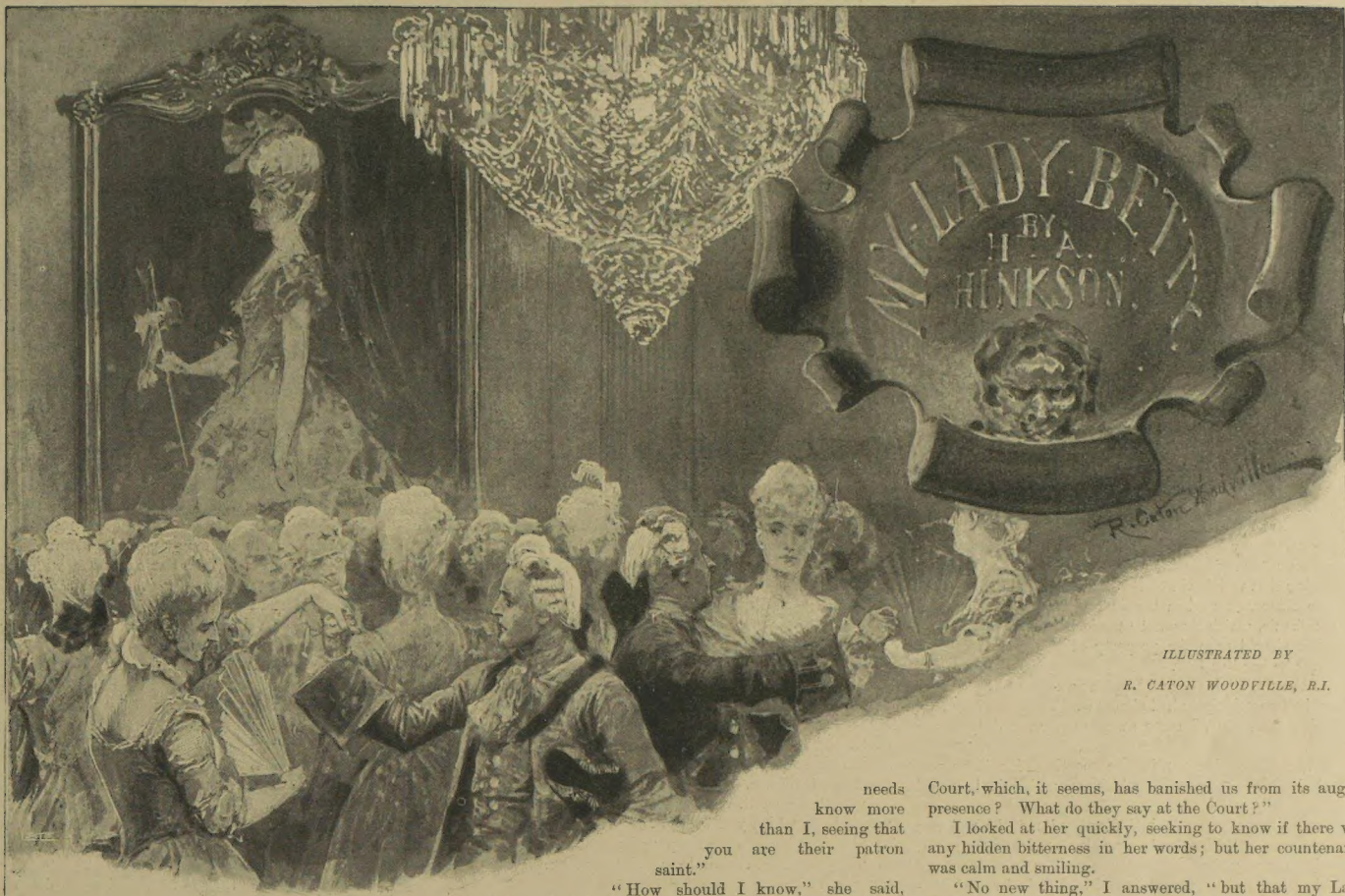
THE 1ST BRIGADE OF THE MOHMAND FIELD FORCE DESTROYING JAROBA VILLAGE, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE HADDA MULLAH.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant H. Mac'ear.



REARGUARD ACTION: GURKHA RIFLES ON 'SAMANA' RIDGE.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Puriay, 3rd Gurkha Rifles.



ILLUSTRATED BY
R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

MY Lady Betty's ball was as brilliant as ever I saw, albeit his Grace of Rutland did not honour it with his presence. The absence of the Viceroy was not likely to pass unnoticed by such lovers of scandal as thronged my cousin's ball-room. Here and there I saw groups talking together with significant smiles and meaning gestures. If I approached them, they grew instantly silent or spoke in loud voices of things too innocent and harmless to give them pleasure, so that I was convinced that this sudden charity was due to my presence.

Once I heard a voice say that my Lord Duke was but fickle as a lover, and that the Lady Betty's reign was over. It was a woman who spoke, and a young and comely one to boot; and to this another less young and less comely made answer that doubtless his Grace preferred the boudoir to the ball-room, and had no need to make public profession of his love, seeing that it was well known to everyone in Dublin, from the Court Chamberlain to the meanest shoeblack. Then both of them laughed very pleasantly. I felt my cheek flush with anger, and my hand in an instant sought the hilt of my sword; then I laughed almost aloud, remembering that they were women of fashion, and were but sharpening their wits, as they were used, at the expense of my cousin's reputation.

Somewhat impatiently I pushed my way through the crowd, for I was but new to the ways of the Court, and had not yet learned to smile when I was angry, and presented myself before Lady Betty. She received me most graciously, giving me her hand to kiss, while those about her drew back a little. Then I lifted my head and looked into her eyes.

I had never seen my cousin looking more beautiful, and if she missed his Excellency's presence, as no doubt she did, I could read in her countenance neither anger nor disappointment.

She wore a light pink silk gown with diamond stomacher and sleeve-knots. On her head was a large brown hat, trimmed with red ribbon and decorated with a great quantity of jewels. There were many ladies in the room more richly dressed, but none whose robes became her as did my Lady Betty's. I suppose she read in my eyes the wonder I felt at her beauty, and was pleased at it, seeing that I was little more than a lad and country bred, and as yet untrained to lie with eyes or voice. She laughed merrily, and in spite of the paint and the patches I could have sworn that her cheek flushed a deeper crimson.

"Why, cousin," she cried, "did I not know that it is not so, I should think that you had come from a convent of monks vowed to silence, and not from the merriest and wickedest Court in Europe."

"It's little I know of monks," I answered, "unless it be they of the Screw, and of them your Ladyship must

needs
know more
than I, seeing that
you are their patron
saint."

"How should I know," she said, laughing, "seeing that the monks are but sad sinners in a holy garb, and not over fond of prayer or confession."

"They have made at least one confession," I said, "and they swear that they have received no absolution."

"They are more deserving of penance than of absolution, methinks," she retorted. "But what news of the

Court, which, it seems, has banished us from its august presence? What do they say at the Court?"

I looked at her quickly, seeking to know if there was any hidden bitterness in her words; but her countenance was calm and smiling.

"No new thing," I answered, "but that my Lady Betty is the fairest lady in Ireland." And I made her a low bow.

"Ah! Do they say so still?" she asked, but not as if she desired an answer. Then she lifted her head proudly. "But I care not what they say," she went on; "and so, sweet cousin, you can tell them."

Then she motioned me, a little haughtily, to leave her,



"My God!" I cried out, "it is Phil Blake."

as though she were angry with me because she had spoken to me thus. So I bowed to her again, and drew back among the crowd, not a little perplexed at the change in my cousin's manner.

I had not intended to remain long at the ball, and, indeed, had only presented myself because it was my duty, and seeing how much I owed to my Lady Betty.

Moreover, there was a certain matter which lay heavy upon my mind. That same evening I had witnessed a sad quarrel over the cards between my friend Phil Blake and his kinsman Roger Delaney, and they were to meet an hour after sunset on the morrow. Now I had small liking for affairs between near kinsmen, and yet I could not refuse Blake to be his second. Blake, too, had a quick temper, especially after wine, and he had but small skill with the fire-arms, although with the rapier none was more cunning of fence than he, unless after a drinking bout, when his eye was dim, for a child could beat him at the bottle.

And this, too, was the cause of the trouble, for Roger Delaney allowed no wine, however much he drank, to heat his blood, but ever kept watch to find his neighbour tripping, whether he was friend or foe, and scarce ever missed his man, except when the air was thick and a mist lay on the grass, for he had short sight.

So when the quarrel arose, Phil Blake cared nothing for the rules of the meeting and gave his opponent what he wished, declaring that he had no love of his life while Roger Delaney lived to make him ashamed that he was a man. All this Delaney bore with a smile, and showed no anger. Then an attorney was sent for, and a bond was drawn up declaring that whichever of the two stood upon the ground in the Nine Acres when the bell tolled in the belfry of St. Michan's, which it would at one hour and a half past sunrise, should take the property of the other for ever, whether he lived or died.

So Peter O'Flaherty and I put our names to the paper, after the two principals had signed it. Then leaving them to finish their wine, I came away to pay my duty to my cousin.

I had little pleasure in the meeting, for there was small doubt in my mind which way the duel would turn out.

Seeing how my cousin had dismissed me, the ball was no longer to my liking, and I was about to leave the room, pressing my way through the throng, when I felt my hand seized and something thrust into it. I looked round suddenly, hoping to discover who the messenger was, but I could see no one to whom this character certainly belonged. I withdrew myself as quickly as I could from the crowd, and unfolding the note, which was much crumpled, I strove to read it. Nor was it easy at first, for it was written with pencil and indistinctly, as if in haste. It was from my cousin, who bade me hasten at once to her boudoir by the private way that I knew. It was signed "Betty."

I was no little surprised at this message, but without wasting time in conjecture I sought the private stair which led to my cousin's apartments. It was as well known to me as it was said to be to his Grace, and this thought struck me while I clambered up the stair. Then I pushed the door open and entered my Lady Betty's boudoir. A silver bell tinkled as I put the curtains aside, and upon the threshold my cousin awaited me. The light from a lofty candelabrum fell upon her head and arms, and threw into deeper shadow the white of her agitated bosom. Her brows were knit together, and the laughter was gone from her lips, which were closed as if in stern resolve.

I saw that she was in no mood for gallantry, yet I took her hand and raised it to my lips, as I had been used, and she suffered it, albeit with impatience. Then she seized me by the arm, and drawing me into the room, pointed to a couch which was half concealed in the shadow. I bent forward, for the light was in my eyes and dazzled them, and saw a figure stretched upon the couch, with a riding-cloak thrown upon it.

I turned to my cousin in amazement, and with no small fear at my heart as to what it could mean. Without looking at me she drew the cloak down and discovered the face of a man.

"My God!" I cried out, "it is Phil Blake."

"Hush!" she whispered, raising her finger in warning, and the jewels flashed upon her arm.

"He is—?" I began, and feared to speak what was in my mind.

"As you see," she answered wearily.

"Not dead?" I said.

"Nay, not dead, only sleeping," she replied, and there was scorn in her voice.

"How did he come hither?" I asked. But at this she turned her head away and did not answer me. But I needed no answer, for I understood.

I knelt by the couch, and put my ear to the sleeper's breast; his breath came quickly, and he muttered in his sleep. His neck was bare at the throat, and the veins in it swollen. Every now and again his limbs quivered, but still he slept soundly.

I rose to my feet again, perplexed and my mind filled with doubt, and looked at my cousin. Her eyes were fastened upon the door by which I had entered, and she appeared to listen. Then she turned and motioned me to retire from the couch to a corner of the room. Again the

silver bell tinkled, and the curtain was thrown back, and a man entered. A deep sigh broke from my cousin's lips, and I heard her murmur, "At last!"

From the shelter of a screen I watched. The man was small and elderly, and carried a gold-headed cane. He bowed low before Lady Betty, and without a word went to the couch. From his manner I judged that he was a physician. Then I heard them whisper together.

"Four hours," said my Lady Betty.

"Nay, Madam," he answered; "nor eight; nor, it may be, twelve."

"Then death were better!" she exclaimed bitterly. "He has been—" I could not hear the last word, but the physician answered—

"Indeed, I fear that your Ladyship is right."

"Never a word of this," my cousin said.

"My lips are sealed," he answered, bowing and passing backwards beneath the curtain.

Then my Lady Betty came to me.

"Cousin Theobald," she said, looking at me sadly, "my honour is in your hands."

"It is safe," I replied, catching her hand and kissing it, for my heart was heavy for her trouble.

"Promise me," she went on, "that you will do as I ask you, whatever it be, for twelve hours to come."

"For ever, if you will," I burst out.

"Nay, I am no tyrant," she said, smiling. "If he does not meet Roger Delaney in four hours' time," looking at her tiny jewelled watch, "he forfeits his property and everything he has, even his honour."

"You know all?" I murmured, wondering the while how she had come by the knowledge.

"I know all," she answered. "We—you and I—must save him, for you are his friend, and as for me—why, God help me, I love him to distraction."

She bent her head so that I could not see her eyes, but the jewels quivered, trembling upon her neck.

"We will save him," I answered her, albeit I knew not how we should. At this she bent forward and touched my cheek lightly with her lips. Then she drew herself up, shaking her shoulders as though she were casting a woman's weakness from her.

"That we shall, cousin Theobald," she said, "unless you fail me, which you will not."

She went back to the sleeping form, and I followed her.

"He must not remain here," she went on. "Can you carry him?"

I answered that I could, and desired to know whither she would have him taken. She pointed to a door leading to another chamber. So I took him in my arms without difficulty, for I was young and strong, and carried him. My Lady Betty held back the curtain to let me pass. When I had laid him upon the bed I returned and asked her what next she would have me do. At first she seemed confused and could not find words to answer me, but at length I understood that she desired to have the clothes that he wore. At this I could scarce conceal my surprise, but she grew impatient, complaining of my lack of wit. So I returned to the bedchamber, and having undressed Phil Blake, who still showed no sign of waking, I carried his breeches and stockings, together with his laced coat, to my Lady Betty, and threw them upon the couch.

She did not look at them, but turned her back as if she feared the sight of them.

"I think there is little difference in our height," she said.

A light broke suddenly upon my mind.

"Cousin Betty," I exclaimed, "what will you do?"

"Kill Roger Delaney," she replied, with her eyes flashing.

"It is impossible," I began.

"How so, Master Slow Wit?" she asked calmly, though I saw that her anger was rising.

"Because," I answered, "Roger Delaney will not fire at a woman."

"He shall not know that I am a woman," she said, "not when I wear—these," and she made a gesture towards the couch upon which I had thrown the clothes.

"There is little difference in our stature," she went on, and in this she spoke truly, since, for a woman, she was uncommonly tall. "And if the morning is dark, as it is apt to be, it would need sharper eyes than Roger Delaney's to note the difference. Neither are our features very different—at least in the morning." And she put her finger on the patch that was on her cheek.

"Lady Betty," I said, remembering that Roger Delaney was not wont to miss when he was minded to kill, "let me take his place. At least I shall save his life."

"But not his fortune, nor, what is dearer, his honour," she said. "But you waste words, since you have given me your promise. I must return for a while, or they will wonder at my long absence."

"Will not those garments betray you?" I asked in despair, seeing that she was not to be moved.

"A woman's wit shall make them fit," she replied, laughing, "unless you fail me."

"What shall I do?" I asked.

"Cousin Theobald," she answered, "go with all speed, seek the skillfullest breeches-maker in Dublin, and bring him hither."

"But it is long past midnight," I said, "and if I find one such, how shall I compel him to come?"

She looked at me with flashing eyes, so that my face grew hot beneath her scorn.

"You are a man," she cried, "and yet you ask a woman such a question!"

I hung my head in bewilderment, for I had no answer ready. Then she turned rapidly from me, with a gesture half of contempt, half of impatience, and went to the table upon which her jewels lay sparkling in a careless heap. From amongst them she snatched up something which I could not see. Then she seized my right hand, and put in it something cold and smooth. I looked down and saw that it was a small pistol delicately wrought in silver and ivory. I lifted my head and saw that she was watching me anxiously.

"I will bring him hither," I said.

"Without delay?" she asked.

"Without delay," I answered.

A sigh broke from her lips, and the smile returned to her face.

"Cousin Theobald," she said, "your wits are slow, but if they are sure, what matters it?" Then she made me a curtsy, and lifted the curtain and passed out, leaving me alone with the pistol in my hand.

For a few moments I stood where she had left me, for, in truth, I had need to recover my scattered wits. Then I went softly to the table and laid the pistol upon it among the jewels. Nor could I forbear to smile, thinking in what manner the breeches-maker would regard such an earnest of his fee.

So I went down the stair very gently and out into the street. The night was quiet, but from the windows of many houses in Stephen's Green came the blaze of light and the sound of music, for it was the season of revelry, and my Lady Betty's ball-room was not the only one in the city thronged with guests.

When I came to the College, I paused in much perplexity, not knowing where to find a breeches-maker to do my cousin's bidding. Then suddenly I bethought me of one, whose sign I remembered hard by in Trinity Street; and with rapid steps I strode thither. I could find no knocker, so I beat the door with the hilt of my sword. When I had waited a little, a window was opened above me, and a head wearing a white cap was thrust from it. A voice in which sleep and dissatisfaction were blended demanded to know who it was that disturbed a peaceful citizen in the midst of his slumber.

To that I answered that if he would come down and open the door I would tell him of a matter which promised to be of much profit to him if he would make haste. He seemed to hesitate a moment, then without a word he shut the window again. I now began to fear that I should see no more of him, nor did I dare to belabour the door lest I should attract the notice of the watch.

But my fear was groundless, for in a short while I heard the creaking of the bolts and the rattle of a chain. Then the door was cautiously opened, and a little man holding a lantern looked out at me and again demanded my business. I made answer that if he would admit me I would tell him, adding that by so doing he would be serving his own interests. At this he made way for me to enter, which I did.

He was as ugly a man as ever I saw, and I thought he appeared avaricious. I told him what he was required to do, whereat he smiled very cunningly and said that I had come to the right man for my purpose, as many could testify. I answered that I needed no testimony, but that his silence concerning the affair was as necessary as his skill, and that if ever he breathed a word of it, it would be at the peril of his life, and I tapped the hilt of my sword to give him warning.

He assured me that he carried many such secrets, and that he would rather die than divulge any of them. Then having put into a bag certain instruments of his calling, he declared that he was ready, and followed me from the house, carefully shutting the door. So I returned to my cousin's house, the breeches-maker creeping noiselessly behind me, as if he were a shadow.

At the top of the stair my Lady Betty awaited us. She motioned my companion to enter the room while she spoke with me. When the fellow had gone in, she begged me to return to the ball-room, and show myself to as many as possible until she went back to it again, which she would do in a little time. When I had promised to do this, she told me that at sunrise I should wait near to the house of his Grace of Leinster, and that when a coach passed by with a white kerchief hanging from the window, I was to enter it.

This also I promised to do, and then I went back to the ball-room. I soon perceived that my cousin's absence had not passed unnoticed, and that many persons smiled and whispered together as I passed. But I was too much occupied with my own thoughts to heed them overmuch, or to show anger because of their evil tongues. Indeed, remembering what my Lady Betty had told me, I was careful that my greeting should be frequent and not lacking in courtesy. While I spoke with one of them, who, with much assumed indignation complained of the Viceroy's absence, a sudden silence fell upon those about me, which was instantly followed by the low murmur of voices. I looked round, seeking an explanation, and saw my cousin passing through her guests. She had a word and a smile for everyone, and as they bowed before her

she looked like a queen and they the loyal subjects a queen ever had.

Never had I seen her looking so beautiful and so proud. As she passed me her eyes flashed for a moment into mine. In them I read triumph and the assurance of the success of her scheme. Then my Lady Betty took leave of her guests.

As soon as she was gone I too departed, and going to the house where I lodged I examined carefully the pistols, "Spitfire" and "Flash," which my uncle had given me. I could not have wished my cousin better or more lucky firearms, albeit they seemed a trifle heavy for a lady's hand. I put them carefully into my belt and sallied forth again to seek the trysting-place. On my way thither I saw the Viceroy's escort waiting in the street, the horses impatiently pawing the ground, while their riders sat with bent heads as if they were fallen asleep.

I could not forbear to smile to think that his careless Grace had forgotten them, leaving them there, as he had done so often, before my Lady Betty's door.

The night was dark and cloudy, and rain fell at times, but not much. At this I was glad, for it promised a gloomy morning, and so far the luck was on my cousin's side.

When I reached the appointed place I withdrew into the shadow of a wall and waited. The dawn was beginning to show faintly, and the sky was turning from black to grey.

Now that I had leisure to think, I felt my heart almost fail me, and I repented bitterly of my share in the matter, albeit I knew that I had no power to refuse my cousin anything, and would do the same again even were my pledge given back to me.

I was roused from these gloomy thoughts by the sound of wheels, and in a few moments a coach came slowly towards the place where I stood. Even without the patch of white hung from the window I knew that it was the coach for which I waited. As I stepped into the street it halted. So I opened the door and sprang quickly into it, taking my seat beside the other occupant.

I could scarce keep back the cry of amazement which sprang to my lips when I gazed at my companion. Did I not know that it was impossible, no man's oath would have convinced me that this was anyone else but Phil Blake. My cousin had said that her features were not unlike those of Blake, but even this had not prepared me for the startling resemblance which I saw now that my Lady Betty was dressed as a man, and in Phil Blake's clothes. Only her eyes were brighter than his, as was but natural, seeing that they owed no dullness to the winecup.

In my amazement I said nothing; and my cousin laughed softly, as if she were pleased at my surprise.

"Do I make a pretty fellow?" she asked.

"As pretty as ever I saw," I answered.

"No more than that?" she said, pouting.

"I cannot see much of you," I replied, thinking that her man's dress did not conceal the woman in it.

"You shall see no more," she said, drawing the cloak about her.

"Shall you take your ground in it?" I asked, laying my hand upon her shoulder.

"Aye, that I shall!" she returned.

"It will be easy to hit," I said.

"I care not," she replied in a low voice, turning her head aside.

"Were you pleased with the rascal I brought you?" I asked; for I was in fear of making her sad, and that she would lose heart when it was too late to turn back.

"Rascal!" she exclaimed. "Why, he is a prince among tailors!"

"He will be silent," I said.

We had now come to the Nine Acres, and the coach halted. A little way in front another coach was standing, and I knew that we were not the first to arrive. Of this I was glad, for with little delay there would be little light to give good aim.

I was about to lift my cousin from the coach, but she pushed me aside, whispering that if my wits did not grow quicker I should yet betray her, and sprang out unaided.

Under a tree I saw three men standing, and one of them was Roger Delaney. As we approached the ground, my cousin turned to me and said—

"Cousin Theo, if I fall let no one touch me or remove my cloak. Whether I die or not I would not have them



I watched my cousin and Roger Delaney standing and waiting for the sword to turn round and fire.

"Aye, that he will, for I will close his lips," she said quickly.

"How will you do it?" I asked.

"I have promised him a knighthood."

"A knighthood?" I cried out in amazement.

"Aye, wherefore not?" she answered. "Is he not a most excellent breeches-maker, and a knight among tailors? Why should there not be a Knight of the Breeches as well as a Knight of the Carpet, since no knights fight nowadays."

"But how shall you fulfil your promise?" I asked.

"This night week my Lord Duke comes to supper to me," she replied. "When he has drunk much wine, as he is used to, then he shall lay his august sword upon Muster Tailor's worthy shoulder. So I shall fulfil my promise, and thereby also humble his Grace when he learns it in the morning."

To this I made no answer, for my cousin's daring bereft me of speech.

know that I am a woman," and her voice faltered a little. So I promised that I would not.

The others now came out and bowed to us. When my cousin had made her bow she turned her back upon them, and so she waited while we measured the ground. Nor did her conduct seem strange to them, seeing that they knew it was a quarrel between kinsmen, and so most bitter.

Then I loaded the pistols and gave one of them to my Lady Betty, whispering to her, as I did so, that she should fire low.

When Roger Delaney saw that his opponent did not remove the cloak he declared that neither would he, for that it was not his wont to take any such advantage. Nor would he consent to wait until the morning was brighter, albeit his second pleaded for this, as indeed well he might, since his principal was so short of sight.

Then they took their ground, having their backs to wards each other. I watched my cousin eagerly, but she betrayed

no tremor. The physician opened his bag, and took from it some lint and bandages, for he had been out before with Roger Delaney.

In all my life I had never felt such suspense as I did while I watched my cousin and Roger Delaney standing and waiting for the word to turn round and fire. At last it came. Then two shots rang out together, and nor could I tell which had fired the first. My eyes were fastened upon my cousin. She was still standing, and had lowered her pistol, from which the smoke was curling. Then I turned and looked at Roger Delaney. He, too, was standing, but he seemed dazed. He made a step forward, and fell upon his side. A bullet had struck him in the hip.

I ran to my Lady Betty. She turned and looked at me. In her eyes I saw surprise, and something else, but what it was I could not tell. My joy was so great to find her unhurt that I could scarce remember any longer that she was a man. I think it was the cloak after all that saved her, for it did not fit very well, and there was a ragged hole

did not speak; so I went in and found the clothes lying upon the couch as they had been. I gathered them into my arms and carried them to the bedchamber. Phil Blake still lay in a deep slumber, as the physician had said he was like to. I had little difficulty to dress him, for he lay still, only groaning a little when he was moved; but he did not open his eyes. Then I knew for sure that he had been drugged after that he had drunk deep.

When I had dressed him, I took him in my arms and carried him to the coach without difficulty, for though I was weary my arms were strong. As I did so, I saw the watchman looking at us, but he did not speak, thinking doubtless that the man whom I carried had drunk overmuch at her Ladyship's ball, and seeing nothing strange in it.

Then I went back to my cousin and told her what I had done.

She made no answer to me, neither did she thank me. So I took her hand to bid her farewell, and was raising it

cousin, he did, after supper, make the worthy tailor kneel before him, according to her Ladyship's desire, and having struck him with his sword upon the head—for, in truth, his hand was somewhat unsteady—bade him rise up a Knight. And though his Grace was fain to forget it when his head was grown cooler in the morning, yet would not my cousin suffer it to be forgotten, and so the tailor kept his knighthood, while her Ladyship lost his Grace's favour.

But for this, I think, she cared little, seeing that she loved Phil Blake, and had not forgiven my Lord Duke the slight that he had put upon her.

THE END.

A NOTABLE GOLDEN WEDDING.

When Sir Spencer and Lady Ponsonby-Fane celebrated their golden wedding on Oct. 7, a large family party gathered round them at Brympton House, Yeovil. Sir



Photo J. B. Beckett, Yeovil.

GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF SIR SPENCER AND LADY PONSONBY-FANE, RECENTLY CELEBRATED AT BRYMPTON HOUSE, YEOVIL.

above the left shoulder, which showed that Roger Delaney's bullet had not gone so far amiss.

I turned to him now, but he was sorely wounded, and would fire no more to-day, nor for many days to come.

Then I seized my cousin's arm and led her a little nearer to where the physician was kneeling by Roger Delaney, and making a bow to them and to the other, who stood upright by them, we hurried across the field to where our coach was waiting.

My Lady Betty was very silent while we drove back to the city. She seemed weary, and her face was pale. As I looked at her, for the first time the thought came to me that my beautiful cousin might one day grow old.

I returned with her to her house, which I believe we entered unperceived, for it was still early, and few save the watchmen about. Here she left me for a space and then returned to me dressed as a woman, and so I confess I loved her better, albeit she made a gallant fellow enough.

"The coach is still without," she said, "and I would not have him remain longer. Can you take him to his lodging?"

I bowed without speaking, and leaving her went to the boudoir. As I passed through the corridor I saw the tailor descending the stair. He glanced at me and smiled, but

to my lips, when she drew it back and presented her cheek to me.

When I had saluted her, I bowed and went down the stair again to the coach. I left Phil Blake in bed in his lodgings, and then returned to my own. On the morrow I sought him again, and found him come to himself indeed, but yet much bewildered to think what had befallen him.

So I told how he had met Roger Delaney, as he had said he would, and showed him his cloak where the ball had gone through it.

"If you have any further doubt," said I, "Roger Delaney can put your mind at ease, for he has a fine hole in him this minute."

At this he started up in the bed.

"Where did it hit him?" he cried out eagerly.

"In the hip-joint," I answered.

"Then he'll never walk straight again," he said.

"So I think myself," I replied.

"It is strange," said he again, "but I had forgotten it; and so I must have drunk very deep."

To this I made no answer.

In a fortnight afterwards his Excellency supped with my Lady Betty, and having drunk deep, and being at the same time eager to make his peace with my

Spencer is one of the seven sons of the fourth Earl of Bessborough, and no fewer than three of his brothers—one of whom helped to found that aristocratic cricket club, I Zingari—have held the title in turn. He was born in 1824, and on Oct. 7, 1847, six months after the death of his father, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he married the Hon. Louisa Dillon, daughter of Viscount Dillon. He has been connected with State officialism all his life. From 1840 to 1857 he was a clerk in the Foreign Office, becoming Controller of Accounts—that is, permanent secretary—at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and also Gentleman Usher Daily Waiter to the Queen. He inherited the estate of Brympton from his maternal aunt, Lady Georgiana Fane, assuming her surname in 1875. Sir Spencer has had six sons and five daughters. Lady Ponsonby-Fane has been an invalid for some time, in consequence of a paralytic stroke, which accounts for the fact of her being accommodated with the Bath-chair in the accompanying picture. They received congratulatory telegrams from the Queen and the Prince of Wales, while her Majesty further recognised the occasion by sending a special message to Brympton with a costly inkstand. The tenantry, villagers, and school-children presented gifts, and a special service was held in Brympton Church.



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE: THE 11TH SOUDANESE CHARGING THE DERVISHES IN THE FIGHT AT ABU HAMED.

From a Sketch by an English Officer who led the Charge of a Black Battalion.

LITERATURE.

THE HOUSE OF BLACKWOOD.*

This is the best work of the kind ever published. Constable's "Memoirs" were well done in the sense that a large amount of material is to be found in them which the literary historian will always find indispensable. Dr. Smiles was also very successful in writing the history of the House of Murray. Mr. Francis Leppinasse, a veteran *Littérateur* happily still spared to us, wrote excellent histories of publishers, which appeared in the defunct *Critic*, and which have not been superseded by anything that has since appeared. But Mrs. Oliphant's work surpasses in charm, and perhaps also in permanent value, any of these. For one thing, she had to deal with men of strong personalities, with lively and stirring times, and there was no lack of documents, rather the reverse. But she is entitled to the further praise of having used everything in the best possible way. The Blackwoods were almost her first influential patrons, although Henry Colburn went before, and is entitled to something more cordial than the mention of him in these pages. She found the Blackwoods in her hour of need, when she was a widow with little children depending upon her, and when her prospects seemed dark indeed. It is no wonder that for a time she was scarcely equal to her task, and her kind but honest publishers had to tell her that she was not working up to the level of her powers. She answered the challenge by beginning the "Chronicles of Carlingford," which contained her best work in fiction, and thenceforth the union between the great publishers and herself was exceedingly close and less vexed by differences than most connections of the sort. For many years she was one of the chief pillars of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and contributed bright and pungent articles on contemporary events and books in which she preserved the old tradition of brilliancy. In fact, Mrs. Oliphant was born to be a contributor to *Blackwood*, and to be the historian of the firm.

Speaking generally of this history, the most notable thing is that the authors do not stand out most prominently. The publishers are the real heroes of the story. The book is freer from acidity than anything of the kind Mrs. Oliphant wrote, but upon the whole there is scarcely one of the authors referred to whose reputation, either personal or literary, will be increased by its publication. On the other hand, the publishers turn out to be men of unusual mark and force. This is especially true of the distinguished founder of the firm, William Blackwood, whose letters make the very best of reading, who with consummate sagacity and firmness steered his fortunes and that of his magazine through difficult times, who had a home life as interesting and bright in its way as his public life. Mrs. Oliphant is seen at her highest in her portrait of this kindly, sagacious, determined Scot, with a great wealth of tenderness and chivalry under a somewhat rugged exterior. It was he who had the sagacity to discover Lockhart and Wilson, and enlist them in his service. It may be said of both that almost to the last they were loyal servants of the house through the various vicissitudes of fortune. Neither was easy to deal with. For Lockhart, the very best that can be said has been said in the best possible way by Mr. Andrew Lang. But Mrs. Oliphant is undoubtedly right in saying that there was in him a certain cold venom which had to be discharged at intervals, and which never failed to poison the object of his attack. In order to understand Lockhart thoroughly, it is necessary to read Mr. Lang with Mrs. Oliphant. Some things are passed over by Mrs. Oliphant which perhaps should have been mentioned. In particular, Mrs. Oliphant makes too little of the famous pamphlet "Hypocrisy Unveiled and Calumny Detected" in a review of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. It might be worth while to republish this pamphlet, one of the calmest, bitterest, ablest, and most telling pieces of criticism ever written. How powerful it is shown by the fact that Lockhart and Wilson both sent challenges to the anonymous writer through the publishers. Nor does she mention one of Lockhart's worst outrages, his unprovoked and scandalous attack on Professor Playfair. This was more resented perhaps at the time, and more justly resented, than almost any other of Lockhart's numerous achievements. Mrs. Oliphant passes over with little remark the lamentable duel in which John Scott lost his life. Scott was a writer of remarkable force, and if he had lived would certainly have been among the prominent figures of the time. As to Wilson, he lives, so far as he lives, through the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Doubtless he was the chief stay of the magazine, but a more troublesome and untrustworthy contributor could not be imagined. Mrs. Oliphant tells quite frankly the story of his extraordinary attack on Wordsworth, whose guest he had been, and whose poetry he had praised. Wilson said in this attack that "The Excursion" was the worst poem of any character in the English language, and that Wordsworth's pride was like that of a straw-crowned king of Bedlam. She might have mentioned that, long before, Lockhart had said of his ally that he never was of the same mind two days together. It is very humiliating to read of Wilson's terror lest his authorship of certain disgraceful articles should be known. We are pretty well agreed nowadays that personal attacks should be made under the full responsibility of the writer's name.

Hogg and Maginn were equally troublesome, and both of them suffer in these pages. We can see that Thackeray's picture of Maginn is only too flattering, and that Scott's wonderful patience is illustrated in his treatment of Hogg.

* William Blackwood and his Sons, their Magazine and Friends. By Mrs. Oliphant. Two volumes. (William Blackwood.)

That Hogg's pamphlet on Scott should have excited Lockhart's ire is intelligible, for the simple reason that it gave curious hints as to the parentage of Lady Scott. Otherwise it is not so very bad, and it certainly helps out our understanding of Sir Walter, who was by no means the simple figure that it has been the fashion to make him out. Another almost forgotten personage who appears clothed in complacency is Samuel Warren, who had much in him of Tupper, but with a vulgar force which still gives certain life to his stories. We have glimpses of lesser figures, like R. S. Rintoul, of the *Spectator*. Mrs. Oliphant says that Rintoul died without achieving the success he hoped for, and that his successors have carried his forlorn standard to a point, etc. It is true that Rintoul did not die a millionaire, and perhaps there are very few people who reach all the success they hope for; but Rintoul was very fairly successful, and the tendency of recent writing on the *Spectator* has been to undervalue his merit. The present *Spectator* borrows very much from its predecessor, and it must not be forgotten that Rintoul's political efforts produced great results, while among his critical contributors it is sufficient to mention the name of George Brimley. Mrs. Oliphant had evidently not read the interesting life of Alaric A. Watts; otherwise, she would have expressed herself in some ways differently. By far the most curious thing about the book is the very slight notice taken of Aytoun, who was generally supposed to be the presiding spirit of the magazine after his father-in-law, Wilson, had ceased to do much. Mrs. Oliphant says that Aytoun was no critic, and did not share John Blackwood's faculty of discovering genius in others. She goes far to make good her point by revealing the fact that Aytoun disliked the "Scenes of Clerical Life." We must

relates to the same agreeable period in our social history. The crimes of the French Terror shocked Burke, but he might have reflected that the criminal code of England in his time could scarcely be surpassed for cool and deliberate barbarity even by the annals of the Jacobin guillotine.

In the reign of Louis the Well-Beloved, there was a certain Corinne de Montesson who had great wealth, a beautiful house in Paris, and the King's favour. So much favour did she enjoy that she could always secure the release of any criminal who excited her sympathetic interest, and to her house flocked neatly gentlemen and scamps of every type. Mr. Pemberton narrates a number of adventures in which this fascinating lady played the part of *dea ex machina*, encouraging humble merit, mocking vaulting ambition, and showing a fine disregard for the principles of law and order. These stories may not illustrate the higher qualities of Mr. Pemberton's imagination, but they are full of his characteristic dexterity and fertility of expedient.

Mrs. Rayner has the distinction of introducing to the world a romantic publisher. Hitherto that useful man of business has endured slight and even insult at the hands of novelists. He has been called Barabbas. Mrs. Rayner rechristens him Romeo. He has "a face of notable strength and culture—a finely modelled nose, firm, yet soft in outline; acute brown eyes, piercing, but gentle; and abundant dark eyebrows." His hair is "black and shaggy, like a retriever's." Does any blushing publisher recognise the portrait? Unfortunately, the passages in which Romeo is conspicuous are the weakest in Mrs. Rayner's lively story. Her sentiment is sad stuff, but the adventures of the "Type-writer Girl" in a colony of Anarchists in Sussex are described with not a little humour. The book is full of a breezy individuality which, with a little more experience, and a determination not to dwell on the soft outline of publishers' noses, may help the author to popularity.

Mr. Jacobs illustrates in "The Skipper's Wooing" the fathomless simplicity of the seafaring mind. The skipper finds that the girl of his heart can be won only by the discovery of her missing father, who, under the erroneous impression that he has killed a man, is hiding nobody knows where. The search for this victim of mischance is conducted by the skipper and the crew of his coasting schooner, and is full of mirthful interest. Mr. Jacobs has a quiet humour, which sometimes reminds the reader of Mr. Frank Stockton. This volume contains a second tale, "The Brown Man's Servant," which is a clever study in the horrible.

"The Charmer" gives Mr. Bullock an opportunity for some of his pleasant sketches of Irish character, but the interest of the story is rather slender. An English girl, supposed to be a spinster, wins the hearts of some village bachelors, one of whom loses no time in acquainting her with the extent of his possessions, and in inviting her to share them. The infatuation is comic, but it makes insufficient fibre for a volume. Mr. Bullock has not quite mastered the relative proportions of a novel and a short story. His manner is so happy that it is worth his while to be at the pains to strengthen the substance.

Plausibility is a necessary art, even in the most extravagant fiction, but it does not commend itself to Mr. Louis Tracy. He invites us to follow the fortunes of an American millionaire, who appeals so strongly to the imagination of the French people that they are eager to make him Emperor. He declines this honour, but uses his popularity to restore the monarchy in the person of a Legitimist Prince. He falls in love with a lady, who, "notwithstanding her unassuming name, is obviously a woman of considerable distinction." The name is Honorine de Montpensier, and such is the magnanimity of the millionaire that he resigns his pretensions in order to make the lady Queen of France. When not engaged in king and queen making, he introduces water-power into the Desert of Sahara. Mr. Tracy informs us in the preface that "personally I like Vansittart." It is a not unnatural weakness, which we do not presume to share.

Two enterprising gold-diggers set off across a waterless waste in Australia to find treasure. They nearly die of thirst, and are saved in the nick of time by a mysterious tribe of white men who turn out to be descendants of escaped convicts. After a hundred years, the tribe has totally forgotten civilisation and the moral law; but the Cockney dialect is more tenacious, and these people, who know nothing about their own ancestors, and who use cooking utensils of solid gold, without any idea of the value of that metal, talk in the pleasing strains of Whitechapel. Their war-cry is "Brodarro," derived from "Broad Arrow," the convict's heraldic emblems. Of course a woman of the tribe takes a fancy to one of the strangers. This gives rise to jealousy, a fight, and an escape. Mr. Morley Roberts does this kind of fiction with some skill; but he does not see that a more interesting story could be written about the adventures of the syndicate which the two diggers are supposed to form for the purpose of working the newly discovered El Dorado.

Mr. Herbert MacIlwaine's tale of the "Twilight Reef" is a repetition of Mr. Morley Roberts's account of the tramp of two diggers over the waterless waste. One of Mr. MacIlwaine's diggers dies of thirst. There is no other point in the story, and the omnivorous novel-reader may be disposed to complain that the hunt for gold in Australia is a well-nigh exhausted mine of invention.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, FOUNDER OF THE PUBLISHING HOUSE OF BLACKWOOD.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, ETCHED BY F. HUTCH.
From "William Blackwood and Sons," by Mrs. Oliphant.

reluctantly take leave of one of the most fascinating and permanently valuable books that has been published for years. It is pleasant to think that the third volume will show no decline, and that there is every token that when new volumes come to be added to its annals, it will be found that the place of the Blackwood House in the literature of our country remains as conspicuous as ever.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

History of the Strepency. By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen and Co.)
The Queen of the Jesters. By Max Pemberton. (C. A. Pearson, Limited.)
The Type-writer Girl. By Olive Pratt Rayner. (C. A. Pearson, Limited.)
The Skipper's Wooing. By W. W. Jacobs. (C. A. Pearson, Limited.)
The Charmer. By Shan F. Bullock. (James Bowden.)
An American Emperor. By Louis Tracy. (C. A. Pearson, Limited.)
The Adventure of the Broad Arrow. By Morley Roberts. (Hutchinson and Co.)
The Twilight Reef. By Herbert C. MacIlwaine. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

The title of Mr. Baring-Gould's book is not more fantastic than the story. It is all about hangmen, highwaymen, and hags, burning women at the stake, hiding treasure in caves, dropping poison into porridge. Still, it is a tolerably faithful picture of life in the Midlands towards the end of the eighteenth century, when religion was represented by a drunken vicar, and law by the abominable statute which burnt women for coining and for poisoning their husbands. To coin was high treason, but the murder of a husband was only petty treason, though the stake was the punishment for both offences. The last woman who was burnt in civilised England suffered at Shrewsbury in 1790; and Mr. Baring-Gould describes the incident with considerable power. In those days, to escape the torture of the flames, the unfortunate prisoner had to bribe the hangman to strangle him. Mr. Baring-Gould's executioner recalls Dennis, the hangman in "Barnaby Rudge," which

THE GRAND LAMA OF TIBET.

Most exclusive of all "Pontiffs" (if the term is admissible) is the Grand Lama of Tibet, the Pope of Buddhism, who dwells in the inaccessible fastnesses of Lhasa—"Ground of God"—on which no Western may set foot. According to the account of Nain Singh, an Indian Pundit, Lhasa occupies the centre of a plain surrounded by barren hills, the passes of which are guarded by many forts. To say that this most sacred city is insanitary is to put it in the same category for holiness and dirt with Benares. Yet despite its reputed abomination, Lhasa, by virtue of its being forbidden, has been the object of many futile pilgrimages on the part of the adventurous and prohibited Western. To the weird ceremonies and incantations of the place Buddhists may and do flock freely, but the unbeliever who attempts to approach the city often does so to his cost. This, as we have already noted, has been the hard experience of Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the special commissioner of the *Daily Mail*, who has suffered torture and come very near to death for his intrepid attempt to enter the "Ground of God." The Grand Lama, we are told, is the patron of the extravagant and cruel celebrations with which the Tibetan New Year is ushered in, and it would seem that this holy man is likewise ready to give his personal countenance when would-be intruders on his sacred city are visited for their temerity. It was in the Grand Lama's own presence that Mr. Landor was all but executed. After torture with hot irons, which left the artist-explorer unmoved, it was decided to behead him. Several times the executioner brandished his sword about the victim's neck, but at the last moment the Grand Lama, of his clemency, stayed the steel and commuted the capital sentence to the torture of the rack. Mr. Landor, who suffered terrible injuries, was at length released, and made his way back to India. What possibility there is of obtaining redress from the arch-fanatic is problematic. It is unlikely that the adventurer will seek satisfaction, as he went fully prepared to take his chance, even of boiling oil. The Lama, although so exclusive to Westerns, does not dwell wholly apart. He is, indeed, kept constantly informed of European affairs. The choosing of the Lama, according to some accounts, is strangely effected. The Lamas seek to find a successor to the Grand Lama in a child. The child is really selected by the crafty Lamas, but on the people a pious fraud is practised. A bell used by the Lama is privately given to the child as a plaything. On the day of public choice many unfamiliar bells are laid before the boy, who is dissatisfied, and at length asks, "But where is my own favourite bell?" The Lama's bell is produced and welcomed. Plainly this is the Lama's spiritual successor. This story may or may not be authentic.

THE BECHUANA REBEL RINGLEADER.

Galishwe, the leader of the Bechuana rebels in the recent Langeberg rising, now undergoing his trial at Kimberley, was captured about Aug. 31 by six Vryburg burghers, together with several followers, in some sand-dunes between the Kuruman and Malopo Rivers. Galishwe had for several weeks been a fugitive, and had been hotly pursued by Captain Dennison, who tracked him as far as Chels on Aug. 14, and there lost trace of him. Galishwe, on

his capture, brought grave charges against a Transvaal agent named Bosman. During the unrest among the Bechuanas consequent upon the wholesale slaughter of cattle by the rinderpest authorities, Galishwe states that he himself had no thought of rebellion, and strove to pacify his people. Bosman, however, the captive alleges, declared that the cattle-killing was a plot for the destruction of the Bechuanas, and presented Galishwe with fifty rounds of ammunition to defend himself against the English. He further states that for some months Bosman had been spreading disaffection towards British rule, and had advised him to throw off the yoke of Britain and seek Boer protection. Very soon after Bosman's gift hostilities commenced, and Galishwe turned to his adviser for further assistance. This, however, beyond an additional forty rounds, Bosman refused to grant, saying that his instructions from the Transvaal Government were to be extremely careful. In the Bluni murders Galishwe denied all complicity, and swore that there would have been no trouble but for the influence of Bosman, whom he alleges to have said, "You must fight the English here just as we are going to do in Johannesburg." A well-known Bechuana missionary, who has had close dealings with the captured chiefs at Kuruman, lends his support to Galishwe's statements. Bosman, some aver, worked also on the anti-British prejudices of the less enlightened Dutch Boers in Bechuanaland, and Galishwe, aware of this, believed that Bosman would come to aid him with a force of Boers.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London, in receiving a testimonial from his old diocese of Peterborough, said that his desire habitually

was not that the curate should play with him, but that he should play with the curate, because he thought that was more befitting for both of them. The longer he lived, the more deeply he was convinced that the true and abiding qualities in one were not the intellectual qualities, but the qualities of absolute simplicity and straightforwardness and a desire for the right; that the great qualities which made a man were not those which were only at the command of a few favoured individuals, but were those which it was in the power of everyone to acquire and cultivate.

On the first anniversary of the death of Archbishop Benson, the Rector of Lambeth conducted a party of seventy-four persons to visit his grave in Canterbury Cathedral. Canon Mason conducted the party over the Cathedral, explaining its monuments and its history with singular brightness and ability.

The Bishop of Guildford, preaching in Winchester Cathedral, referred to the death of Mrs. Valpy, wife of Canon Valpy, of Winchester. He said that for nearly the last twenty

years of her life she knew not what robust health was. Only those who were constantly with her knew the amount of religious work she was enabled to accomplish, often from her sick couch.

Madame Tosti and her husband have given a concert at Ipswich on behalf of the Church Building Fund of St. John the Baptist, Felixstowe. It will be remembered that the curate, the Rev. Charles Ward, anxious to raise funds for the building, adopted the novel expedient of playing a barrel-organ on the sea-sands. This attracted Madame Tosti's attention, and she wrote from Paris offering to come to Ipswich, and, in conjunction with her husband, give a concert to help the movement. There was a fair attendance, and both Madame Tosti and her husband met with enthusiastic receptions.

The Congregational and Baptist Unions have held their autumn meetings, one at Birmingham and the other at Plymouth. There were very large attendances at both, and everything seems to have passed off well; but there is no notable feature to remark on, except that the Congregationalists are setting themselves deliberately to raise a large fund for the purpose of church extension.

It is probable that there will be no more Nonconformist deputations to the Church Congress. The *Church Times* thinks that they should be abandoned, and that they are senseless; and this apparently is the view of Nonconformists also. However, the Diocesan Conference of Worcester sent a telegram to the President of the Congregational Union assembled at Birmingham. The *Church Times* does not see that a foregathering of the Independents at Birmingham can be a matter for rejoicing in the diocese.

The Scottish High Churchmen are angry because English dignitaries like the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Dean of Durham are patronising Presbyterianism in Scotland. They complain that the Scotch Bishops get no help from the leaders of the English Church. "They decline to give it for fear of offending the Establishment, and, they say, the Queen. If the Archbishop of Canterbury will consent to come and pay an official visit the result would be beyond calculation."

Canon Gore has many appointments to preach and lecture during his tour in America. He emphatically denies that he intends to establish branches of the Order of the Resurrection in America. The Order of the Resurrection, I may say, is a very small community of about a dozen men, who have been closely identified with the work of Canon Gore in this country.

The Rev. G. F. Head, Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, has declined the offer of the living of Clifton. It was in Christ Church that the ministry of the present Bishop of Exeter was long carried on—among his congregation being Mrs. Tennyson, the mother of Lord Tennyson, and Mrs. Charles, the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."

The Bishop of Winchester has been complaining that he has too much to do. He would sometimes be thankful for a sixteen-hours day, but such a limit by legislation was not likely to occur.

Canon Simpkinson, the late Rector of Farnham, has given great offence to Nonconformists there by some things he has said about them before leaving for his new sphere of work.



THE GRAND LAMA OF TIBET AND HIS ATTENDANT.

From a Photograph by J. G. Apear, Calcutta.



Feleked, Andri s., Galishwe, Matamotzi, Maholi.

THE BECHUANA RISING: THE REBEL CHIEF GALISHWE AND SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS.

From a Photograph by J. R. Middleton, Kimberley.



THE HOME OF THE KESTRELS.

Drawn by Henry Stannard.

THE MASTERS OF THE ROLLS.



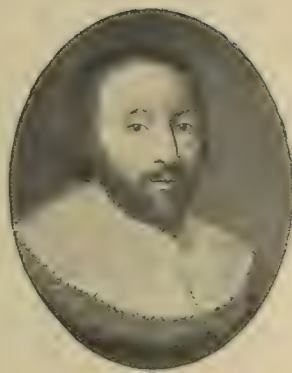
CUTHBERT TUNSTALL,
1516-22.



THOMAS CROMWELL, EARL OF ESSEX,
1534-36.



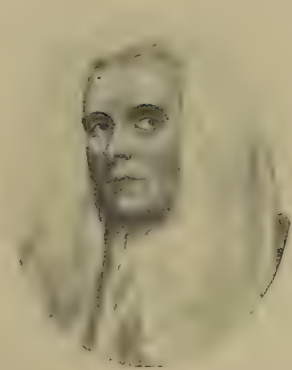
SIR JULIUS CAESAR,
1614-36.



SIR DUDLEY DIGGES,
1636-39.



LYDD, LORD KENYON,
1784-88.



LORD ALVANLEY,
1789-1801.



SIR WILLIAM GRANT,
1801-18.



SIR THOMAS PLUMER,
1816-24.



ROBERT, LORD GIFFORD,
1824-26.



LORD LYNDHURST,
1826-27.



SIR JOHN LEACH,
1827-34.



LORD COTTENHAM,
1834-36.



LORD LANGDALE,
1836-51.



SIR JOHN ROMILLY,
1851-73.



SIR GEORGE JESSEL,
1873-83.



LORD ESHER,
1883-97.



DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

LADY PEMBRIDGE.

REV. EDGAR SHEPPARD, SUB-DEAN OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD.

PRINCE OF WALES.

MR. WILLIAM VANDERBILT.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A GODFATHER: SCENE IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, AT THE BAPTISM OF THE SON AND HEIR OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



OUTSIDE THE PRISON, TANGIER.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

The Moorish representatives of peace and order in the Tangier of former days had perfect confidence in the impregnable fastness of their prison and the vigilance of its police garrison, for they built out maintained it as their principal place of durance in close proximity to the Treasury. The prison buildings adjoin the walls of the picturesque citadel, known as the Kusbah, within which stand the Treasury and other offices of ancient Moorish state. The malefactors who are detained in long or short captivity may be viewed by the curious through a small opening in the wall, and those whose kindly interest is roused by the sight may purchase articles on the making of which the prisoners are constantly employed. Most of these articles are made of straw and rushes, and take the form of various household utensils, toys, and ornaments. The sight of prisoners employed on work of this kind is a familiar one to travellers in Morocco, most malefactors being compelled to defray the cost of their keep by their industry.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

From Sketches by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, 3rd Gurkha Rifles.



Fort Gulistan, held by 100 Sikhs.

Native Village.

WITH GENERAL YEATMAN BIGGS'S COLUMN.—THE RELIEF OF FORT GULISTAN: THE 2ND PUNJAB INFANTRY BREASTING THE KOTAL, SUPPORTED BY GURKHAS.



WITH GENERAL YEATMAN BIGGS'S COLUMN.—RELIEF OF THE SAMANA FORTS: THE GENERAL AND STAFF WATCHING THE DERAJAT MOUNTAIN BATTERY SHELLING THE ENEMY'S POSITION.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is of no use to shrink facts. English plays, whether by dead or living authors, are at a discount in Paris. Personally I am not inclined to quarrel with the verdict just given in the case of Lytton's "Richelieu." English playgoers may have crowded the Lyceum to hear Sir Henry Irving in the part, as they crowded the Princess's some sixteen years ago to hear Edwin Booth: in both instances they were attracted thither by the practically certain knowledge that the workmanship would prove superior to the material. For Lytton's so-called masterpiece is highfalutin' twaddle from beginning to end. Such situations as he devised are the cast-off rags of the romantic school at its worst; there is not even the faintest historical verisimilitude about his plot. There is some vague record of Louis XIII. having been more or less in love with one of the beauties of his Court; but that very halting and timid excursion *dans le pays du tendre* made the wily Cardinal grin. It did not cause him a moment's uneasiness.

Thus much for Lytton. But if the author of "The Caxtons" had been as skilful as a playwright as he was able as a novelist—nay, if he had been a second Shakspeare, he would have failed to secure the suffrages of the Paris public—as distinct from the very few earnest students of the English drama—seeing that Shakspeare himself, either in the original or in translations, has never made any headway with the French. There have been, as far as I can remember—and my memory in that respect is not likely to play me false—three attempts to represent him in his own tongue. The first, which took place exactly three quarters of a century ago, was productive of scenes of violence and brutal insults to the poor actors (a very indifferent company, it would seem) compared with which the rioting in connection with the production of "Faust" in the early 'sixties was child's play.

"We have had a company of English comedians at the Porte Saint-Martin," wrote Madame de Launay, who must not be confounded with Madame Émile de Girardin, who wrote under the same pseudonym, only she chose to represent herself as a Viscount. Madame de Launay was better known under her theatrical name of Mlle. Hopkins, and the letter in question is dated Aug. 6, 1822. "We have had a company of English comedians. It seems they are not very good, but is that a reason to wish to flay them alive?" etc. She does not give the names of the actors, but I am not mistaken in surmising that this was a company recruited from the provinces by a manager named Penley, the lessee of the then Brighton and Windsor theatres, who was himself an actor, and whose wife was leading lady. The first night they played "Othello," with an actor named Barton in the title-role, and an adaptation of Hoffmann's—not the Hoffmann of the weird stories, but the critic of the *Journal des Débats*—"Rendez-vous Bourgeois." The second night they represented "The School for Scandal," and the "Bath Road," and then their pluck was exhausted; and no wonder, for either Mrs. Barton or a Miss Gaskill was struck by a copper coin which inflicted a deep flesh wound.

Though seven years had gone by since Waterloo, the Parisians were still smarting under their sense of defeat, but they did not even have the frankness to admit as much. They endeavoured to invest their brutal attack with the semblance of a reprisal for a similar attack inflicted upon a French company brought to London seventy-three years previously by Monnet, the manager of the primitive Opéra Comique of the Saint-Germain Fair. Five years after the first fiasco, the English actors had a chance; the romantic movement was dawning. A little over a twelve-month afterwards, Alexandre Dumas took Paris by storm with his "Henri III. et Sa Cour," and the English were such a company! Edmund Reade, although already in his decline, gave the French Richard III. and Shylock; Macready showed them what could be done with "Virginia"; there was Abbot as Mercutio, and Miss Smithson, afterwards Madame Berlioz, as Ophelia, and there was Kemble—Charles it must have been. Nevertheless, the English theatre never took root in France, as, to a certain extent, the French theatre has taken root in England; and, strange to relate, Sheridan Knowles was better relished than Shakspeare. In 1855 there was a third trial: the public remained indifferent. There was no hostility as in 1822, neither was there any enthusiastic approval as in 1827. The romantic movement was already in its decline; Sardou, Dumas *filz*, and Augier had already given it its death-blow, just as Victor Hugo and Dumas's father laid the classical school low in the late 'twenties and the early 'thirties. I have purposely abstained from quoting the success of Charles Mathews, because, first of all, Mathews acted in French, and, besides, enacted a piece which was originally French, "L'Homme Blâsé" of Duvert and Lauzanne, the English title of which, I believe, is "Cool as a Cucumber." Dickens's "No Thoroughfare" ("L'Abime") obtained a certain measure of success, but I am not far wrong in saying that this success was mainly due to the influence of Fechter, who altered it considerably. It was, moreover, primarily cast in a French mould, and the same remarks would hold good of "Le Secret de Miss Aurora" ("Aurora Floyd").

Shakspeare undefiled was, however, and remains unpalatable to the French. The Comédie Française has tried the experiment with "Hamlet," the Odéon twice with "Othello" and "The Midsummer Night's Dream." Sarah Bernhardt did her best for Jean Richpin's translation of "Macbeth." All to no purpose. The Parisians do not take to Shakspeare. The most eminent critic—namely, Francisque Sarcey, has frankly approved of their indifference. Sardou has been equally outspoken. Théodore de Banville took up the cudgels for the Bard of Avon. He might have saved his wit, his ink, and his paper. What chance does Lytton stand after that? We are either too brutal, too mawkish, or too rhetorical for them. In the matter of brutality, they prefer M. Zola; in the matter of rhetoric, Corneille and Racine; in the matter of mawkishness, they are more eclectic, but they bar English specimens; that was why "The Silver King" was such a fiasco.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C. BURGESS (Cardiff). Solution right and acknowledged below. We fear none of your problems are up to our standard of publication; they are lacking in the necessary quality of style.

C. W. (Sunderby).—We regret your pretty problem can be solved by 1. Kt to K 6th (ch), followed by 2. Q to R 7th, etc.

W. H. GURNEY (Exeter).—We quite overlooked your letter regarding the second solution, and are much obliged for the problem now sent, which we hope to find correct.

W. J. M. (Paddington).—We regret we cannot accept your problem.

R. H. HALL (Chalk Farm).—The Athenaeum, Camden Road, or the Hampstead Club would be most suitable.

A. R. WATSON (Brighton).—No; such a move is quite impossible. The Rook, although it is pinned, retains its command of all the squares to which it otherwise could legally go.

F. R. BAXTER (Notting Hill).—He has not yet played in this country, but a visit is talked of at no distant date.

W. D. MUIR.—We hope to make use of one or two of your problems in due course.

H. CLARSON (Southend), Rev F. BISHOP (Hawwell), and E. CASHMORE (Maida Vale) are thanked for their kind communications, the use of which, however, is prevented by the limits of our space.

H. L. F. JENKINS (Hampstead), F. R. BAXTER (Notting Hill).—Thanks for problems.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2781 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2787 from Rev Armand De Rosset Meares (Mount Vernon, U.S.A.); of No. 2788 from T. C. D. (Dublin) and C. E. M. (Ayr); of No. 2789 from D. Newton (Lisbon), C. E. M. (Ayr), Reading Society (Corfu), and E. G. Boys; of No. 2790 from Hereford, E. G. Boys, J. M. Beaton (Southsea), J. F. Moun, D. Newton (Lisbon), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Hereford, J. McK. (Burnley), Avalon (West Kirby), Mrs. Kelly of Kelly, R. Louder, J. Laithe Ralph, Reading Society (Corfu), R. H. Brooks, and Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2791 received from R. Worries (Canterbury), Eland (Hackney), E. Louder, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. R. Baxter (Notting Hill), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), H. Le Jeune, W. d. A. Barnard (Uppingham), C. E. Perugini, T. Roberts, G. Hawkins (Cambswell), Sorrento, C. E. H. (Clifton), J. Bailey (Newark), F. Hooper (Putney), Frank Proctor, Thomas Batty (Colchester), Edward J. Sharpe, Bluet, George Land (Richmond), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), J. F. Moun, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Captain Spencer, R. H. Brooks, and Dr. F. S. L.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2788, by P. HIND, should read 1. B to Q 5th, P takes B, K to K 5th, etc.

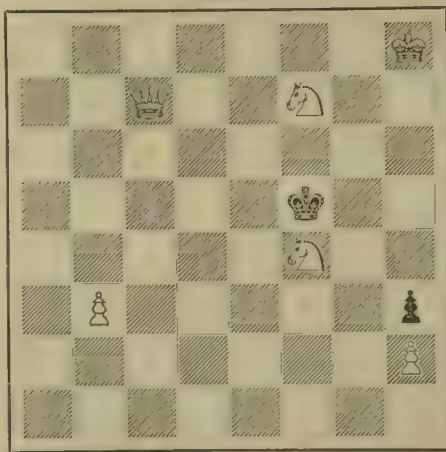
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2790. By W. FINLAXSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K R sq. P to K 4th.
2. Q to K 4th. P takes Q or K takes Kt.
3. Q or B takes. P takes Kt.

If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. Q takes Kt; and if 1. P to Q B 5th; then 2. P takes P, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2793.—By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Berlin Tournament between Messrs. THOMGORN and JANOWSKI.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. P to Q B 3rd	P takes K P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
3. B to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd	14. Q takes Kt	P takes P
4. Q to K 2nd		15. P takes P	B to B 3rd
		16. K to Q 2nd	
		17. Q to B 3rd	P to R 6th
		18. B to B 2nd	Q to R 4th
		19. P to Q 4th	B takes P
		20. Q R to Kt sq	B takes P (ch)
		21. K to Q 5th	B to Kt 5th
		22. K to Q 5th	
		23. P to K 4th	
		24. P to K 4th	
		25. Kt to K 5th	
		26. Q takes B	
		27. R to K sq	
		28. R to Kt sq	

Another game in the same tournament, between Messrs. WALBRODT and SÜCHTING.

(Four Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. K to R sq	Kt to B 7th (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. Kt to Kt sq	Kt to K 5th
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	21. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 5th (ch)
4. B to K 5th	B to Kt 5th	22. Q to R sq	Kt takes B
5. Castles	Castles	23. Q to K 5th	Kt takes B
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	24. P to K 7th	R to B 2nd
7. B to Kt 5th	B takes Kt	25. Kt to K 5th	R takes R (ch)
		26. Q takes B	B takes P
		27. R to K sq	Q to K 5th
		28. R to Kt sq	Q to Q 7th
		29. Kt to B 3rd	B takes Kt
		30. P takes B	R to K 8th
		31. R to R sq	R to K 7th
		32. Q to R 3rd	R to K 6th (ch)
		33. R takes B	Q takes R (ch)
		34. K to Kt 2nd	Q to Q 7th (ch)
		35. K to B sq	Q to Q 8th (ch)
		36. K to B 2nd	Q takes B P (ch)
		37. K to K 3rd	Q to K 7th (ch)
		38. K to B 3rd	Q to Q 7th (ch)
		39. K to K 5th	Q to K 6th (ch)
		40. K to Q 7th	Kt to K 4th (ch)
		41. K to Q 7th	Q to K 4th

White resigns.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The oft-quoted remark that science is invading the sphere of the novelist in an increased extent year by year, was forcibly suggested to my mind the other day, after a perusal of Frank Barrett's story, "A Missing Witness." The plot of this tale turns upon the testimony of a man who witnesses a murder, and who has sustained, just after the event, a fracture of his skull. This accident, involving the depression of a part of his cranium, has produced in the man an entire forgetfulness of the events just preceding the assault made upon him. An innocent man has been condemned for the murder, and the missing witness, depicted as living in a state of idiocy, is at last unearthed by a clever young doctor. He performs the operation necessary for elevating the bone which is pressing on the brain, and at once the interrupted sequence of thought is resumed. The testimony of the patient, of course, secures the conviction of the real culprit, and the freedom of the falsely convicted man. If I am correct in thinking that in Mr. Barrett's story the interval which elapses between the assault and the operation is somewhere over five years in duration, I fancy some doubt may be cast on the correctness of his medical details.

It is a fact that after a fracture of the skull and the subsequent elevation of the portion of bone which is pressing on the brain, the patient's life may be, as it were, renewed and continued from the date of the accident. The intervening period, or that occurring after the accident, is a mental blank. There is an oft-quoted case reported by Mr. Cline, a famous surgeon, in which a sailor who had suffered for more than a year from a depressed fracture of his skull was restored to his natural state when the bone was raised. He had no recollection whatever of his state or condition during the year after the receipt of his injury. This period was a veritable blank to him. He took up the story of his life, as it were, from the point where the injury had interrupted it. The lapsed period in this case was over a year. My doubt regarding the scientific accuracy of the incident in Mr. Barrett's story is founded on the lapse of time which occurs between the injury and the subsequent operation. If I am correct in thinking the period extends over years, I question very much whether the changes in the brain—substance which long-continued pressure might, and probably would, effect, would not have the result of rendering unlikely any renewal of consciousness. If the interval is short, or even, as we have seen in Mr. Cline's case, if it extend to over a year, recovery may be possible; but the case of a very lengthened period presents difficulties in the way of both novelist and scientist. I should be very glad to hear of any reported cases of this kind which may have come under the notice of my medical and scientific readers. Instances are given in which, on the depressed bone being elevated, the patient has actually completed a sentence in the midst of which he was interrupted by his accident. What amount of credence is to be given to such incidents I can hardly tell; but I hope some of my readers will be able to give cases or references, and assist me in determining to what extent, in point of time, the operations described may be regarded as effective in the restoration of the conscious life.

Talking of brain injuries and their effect upon the patient's memory and consciousness, I am reminded of the observations of Mr. Joseph Bell, F.R.C.S. Edin., on the curious lapse which occasionally follows brain-concussion. The patient after a blow on the head may forget not only the accident and the succeeding circumstances, but also a certain length or period of time, varying from minutes to days before the accident. Here it would appear as though the effect of the shock was to obliterate the impressions which the brain-cells had most recently received. This idea leads to the not unnatural conclusion that in order to be perfectly retained in the brain-cells as a memory, an incident or impression demands a certain time for registration as it were. The mental photographer, in other words, has to fix his negative, and this takes time.

One lesson of the Maidstone typhoid epidemic should not be forgotten amid all the interest and sympathy which that modern plague has very naturally awakened. There could be no more apt or typical illustration of the contention that a knowledge of the laws of health should form part and parcel of the common education of the land. Why should the elements of health-science not be taught in every school to the senior boys and girls? This is an old argument of mine, but it receives a pertinent illustration from the Maidstone catastrophe. If corporations were composed of persons who had enjoyed a training in hygiene at school, we should not hear of laxity in periodical water-analysis such as seems to have been responsible for the Kent epidemic. If men and women at large were indoctrinated in their schooldays with the rudiments of sanitary science, they would be alive to the fact that polluted water is the great means whereby typhoid germs are distributed, and that the boiling of suspected water robs it of its disease-producing qualities. A training in hygiene would impress authorities with the necessity for rigid supervision of the health of the nomads who come from town to pick the hops; and like knowledge would cause every water-supply in the country to be placed above risk of contamination. It is really disheartening to think that, while we spend enormous sums of money on classics, languages, drawing, and the like, in modern education, we neglect the practical aspect of life, which is perpetually reminding us that "health is the first wealth" and the foundation of all success in life. I often wish in this matter for the sway of an intelligent autocrat, who, despising red-tape and recognising the beneficent nature of the work, should decree by a stroke of his pen that whatever else men and women might be taught, they should first of all be instructed in the ways of healthy living. Of public health reforms we have enough. Legislation is plentiful wherever it compels people to do sundry things and to avoid sundry other things for their good. What we want is the tapping of the educational spring at its source, and the inculcation in the young of the priceless knowledge which alone can place length of days within the right hand of the sons of men.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRESENTS.

The loyal gifts and addresses offered to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee are now on view in the North Gallery at the Imperial Institute, and a brave show they make, testifying to the love and devotion not only of her Majesty's subjects, but of nearly every nation under the sun. First on the list, and occupying a prominent position at the eastern end of the gallery, is the gift of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, consisting of a life-size



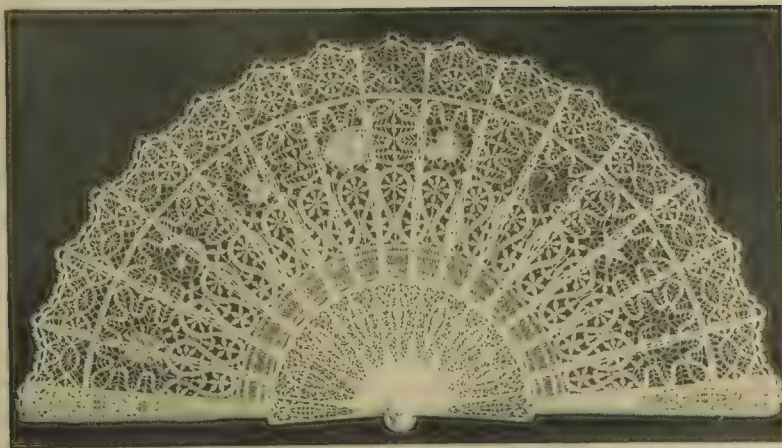
GOLD AND ORMOLU CLOCK, PRESENTED BY THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

equestrian portrait, by Edouard Detaille, of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught as Field-Marshal's superintending the manoeuvres of an army corps, of which the Highlanders form the outstanding feature. Passing from this picture westward along the



BRONZE SALVER FROM THE NAWAB FAKHR AL EMLK, AND JEWELLED TIGER'S HEAD HOLDING CHRONOMETER AND BAROMETER FROM THE PRIME MINISTER OF HYDERABAD.

north side of the gallery, the visitor is attracted by a long range of cases containing much that is priceless and curious. First come the presents from royal personages. A unique chrysoprase paper-weight from the Empress Frederick claims instant admiration, and from this the eye roams over a glittering array of jewels, most striking among which is the gift of the Czar and Czarina, a brooch with a pendent diamond heart and two sapphire drops, said to be the largest in the world.



IVORY AND LACE FAN, PRESENTED BY THE FANMAKERS' COMPANY.

Close to this should be noted a gift which her Majesty is said specially to prize, the offering of her household, which takes the form of a diamond, ruby, and sapphire bracelet, combining in its design the rose, thistle, shamrock, and



PHOTOGRAPH OF HIMSELF IN A JEWELLED FRAME PRESENTED BY THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

lotus, with a crown in the centre. Among the royal presents, the splendour of the Orient is everywhere apparent, and the same may be said of the section classed "Presents from persons other than royal." Most original of these, perhaps, is a tiger's skull mounted with a gold timepiece, barometer, inkstand, and pen-wiper, presented by the Prime Minister of Hyderabad. Very different, but even more interesting, is a gift of less pretension, a coloured photograph representing her Majesty taking the Coronation Oath, mounted on embroidered satin ornamented with imitation jewels, the gift of "twenty-four working girls within sound of Bow Bells"; just at hand is another homely, if more useful, gift—two pairs of blankets, one hundred yards of flannel,

and two rugs, from a woollen factory company in New Zealand. Paintings, choice porcelain, medals, rare jade ornaments, albums, cushions, photographs, make up an interesting display. Of Eastern screens there are beautiful examples, particularly noteworthy being one with silk panels representing wild mountain scenery, where a foaming torrent is rendered with exquisite power and fidelity. This treasure is the gift of the Emperor of Japan. Passing westward again, along the southern side of the gallery, the visitor finds a magnificent exposition of the illuminator's art in the countless addresses from loyal bodies at home and abroad. Now and then, in the Indian section, the humorist's risibility may be touched, but not to bitterness—once by an Oriental digression into English verse, once by an almost primitive essay in illumination.



ADDRESS AND CASKET FROM THE SENATE OR HOUSE OF COMMONS OF CANADA.

But the loyal fervour of the spirit atones for limping Alexandrines and lettering that suggests the nursery paint-box. The caskets of the addresses would alone make the exhibition worth a visit.



CASKET AND ADDRESS FROM THE MUNICIPALITY OF TORONTO.



A HAPPY FAMILY.
By Fannie Moody.



THE EXTERIOR FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



THE INTERIOR, LOOKING EAST.



THE ALTAR AND SEDILIA IN THE CHOIR.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

The last fancy of the fickle mode expresses itself more in tucks than in any other form of embellishment at present, and in evening frocks of tulle or gauze over silk very good effects are obtainable from this recently revived fashion. A little Paris gown, to wit, of white taffetas with separate



A GRACEFUL TEA-GOWN.

overdress of *éternel point d'esprit* made with a dozen narrow tucks around the skirt, and a pouched bodice carried out altogether in that manner with jewelled belt and transparent wrinkled sleeves, has been one of the dinner-table successes of a large country-house party in which I luxuriated at the moment. When such simplicity is successful, it accomplishes more than elaboration, but its art must be of the extremest. An axiom, be it understood, to which that ancient saw of "beauty unadorned" has, however, no application. Most women are made to look imposing in velvet and brocade, as most dressmakers can get a good effect with them; but to achieve alluring raiment out of muslins and chiffon requires a certain finesse in manipulating same which only your first-rate fashion-maker arrives at.

Trained evening gowns are not alone coming, but have actually arrived amongst the very modish; and in the well-bestowed wardrobe of an acquaintance who has lately been replenishing herself in Paris, there are three trained evening frocks with which to open the winter campaign. One is *ambr moiré antique* with an overdress in ivory mousseline *de soie*. Fine embroideries of jet sequins on cream net are used thereon with great success, for nothing shows up yellow better than discreetly applied touches of black. A sash of amber satin ribbon with embroidered and fringed ends defines the waist most acceptably. For slender figures, the sash, it should be borne in mind, is more becoming than the belt, of which we see such increasingly elaborate specimens in the shops this season.

A second dress in this connection is of black brocade, having marvellous and admirable embroideries of jet and tinsel, the demi-train cut rather wide. Flounces of black embroidered lisse, for which there is such a vogue at present, glorify the skirt and bodice. The last gown, bold to rashness in colour, and yet most successful on a well-defined brunette style, is of scarlet bengaline—not crimson or red, but brilliant and unblushing scarlet. Rich stitchery of pearls and floss silk are brought to bear on the bodice and apron, a plentiful bestowal of white pearl-trimmed lace toning down the rather *voyant* tone to admiration. Sleeves of wrinkled scarlet lisse showed white arms still more whitely, and the short train was treated to a bordered application of white lace sprays, also pearl embroidered. It could not easily be realised, in fact, that so bold a treatment of scarlet and white would have behaved so becomingly.

It will be immediately conceded, I make no doubt, by those who aim at the transcendental in tea-gowns, that this graceful equipment of the "five o'clock" here illustrated would place any woman in tone with the most picturesque surroundings. Tea-time on a lamp-lit winter evening is, from a woman's point of view, the most ornate hour of the twenty-four, and to live up to one's cosy and cushioned environment in a tailor-made is not given to many. Therefore some modiste with the soul of a poet invented the tea-gown, which has come and conquered all other garments out of court in its own time and place. A rich, boldly patterned brocade in vieux rose is here draped with

black chiffon. The tucked yoke of white mousseline *de soie* has narrow insertions of black Chantilly overlaid, and, with centure yoke-band and neck-trimming in a rich jewelled passementerie, the combined results may be pronounced distinctly triumphant.

Appliqués of black Chantilly flowers on a white net ground is one of the newest hue-admixtures by the way, and though less effective than the white point on black mousseline to which we took so fondly two seasons back, transforms a half-used dinner or tea gown into most unrecognisable smartness. Columns might be devoted to the various and wonderful trimmings with which this season's styles are helped out. Entire skirts of embroidered lisse are being sold to glorify and go over pale coloured silks and satins. Quaintly designed "motifs" for appliqués are extensively used on bodices and blouses, and some of these in black lisse and tinsel add immensely to the *chic* of a plain black satin or brocade skirt. Thick embroidery of floral scrolls raised the ordinary flounce into a thing of import when sewn on, and the pouched bodices of lisse and mousseline *de soie*, profusely jewelled and embroidered, of which every well-bestowed wardrobe now owns one or two, are of the utmost value for decorative theatre and party gowns.

Reverting to outdoor matters, which play a more important part with the active *Eternelle Femine* of this country than most others, I notice that the increasing fondness for the now almost universal moujik is due to the thin and slender aspect it imparts to any figure of the most ordinarily decent proportions. The cape conceals, as the tight-fitting coat shows up, one's points or blemishes; but the Russian blouse suggests the first and is subtle about the latter, so that to any woman with a waist under twenty-six inches it is a fashion to be immediately followed, and followed it has certainly been. See this smart little gown of Wedgwood blue cloth deftly embroidered with black silk and steel sequins. The curved yoke of velvet, one shade deeper in tone, is edged with sable, above which bordering runs a narrow insertion of jet and steel galon. The waist-band and neck-ribbon are black satin treated with jet and steel *en suite*. A tuft of cream Chantilly is fixed on with a black satin bow to the blue velvet muff, and the toque, of the boatified Tam o' Shanter type, has a group of pheasant-tail feathers set up in the eccentric ruffled and reversed method now employed with all plumage, so that the veriest barn-door fowl would not know his own belongings in their present fashionable disarray.

The middle-aged Madam whose increasing inches and years march together does not engage the millinery imagination in due proportion to her merits as a rule. This year the modistes have applied themselves to her ripening requirements with some success, however, and a really engaging mantelette has just been introduced which any mother of daughters may wear youthfully and becomingly, be her inches as many as they may. The Czarina is a black velvet jacket made tight-fitting to the waist, with long sleeves and small shoulder-capes. The crux of its arrangement is in the long stole ends, which come quite to the end of the skirt in front. Black lisse ruffles, cascades, and flounces edge this dainty garment, which is much improved when overlaid with appliqués of sapphire, emerald, or other dark-shaded velvet, to be again thickly oversewn with jet or spangles *ad lib*. It has the advantage of showing a smart gown, inasmuch as it ends at the waist behind, while the front arrangement quite subdues the most irrepressible *embonpoint*. SYBIL.

NOTES.

One of the most interesting features of the "Life" of Lord Tennyson is the account of the relations between his wife and himself. Lady Tennyson was not merely the wife, she was also the critic and adviser of the poet. He was wont to submit alternative versions of his work to her, and abide strictly by her choice; and on occasion she would even venture to object altogether to the publication of some verse. Yet her criticism was loving, for her admiration and supporting worship were unflinching. How precious is that fireside appreciation that, like the hands of Aaron and Hur beneath the arms of Moses, upholds the spirit and enables the victory to be won! This is, of course, only one more illustration, added to many previous ones, of the aid given to great men by the wise love and gentle but fearless criticism of a clever wife, who may be able to combine the tenderness that one feels for one's own work with the objective view of it that the actual producer lacks.

This blessed domestic appreciation is not always given to men even of the highest desert. "Tell me," said Wagner's first wife (from whom he separated himself not long afterwards), addressing his friend and biographer, F. Praeger, "Tell me, do you consider Richard such a great musician?" This was after the production of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser"! But how complete a compensation Fate had in store for him in his second union we all know. Men so diverse as Johnson the grumpy and J. S. Mill the gentle, as Palmerston the masterful and Shaftesbury the tender, have been equally in the habit of seeking domestic criticism; and have not only sought it, but have confessedly obeyed the loving counsel that they asked.

But few illustrious women have enjoyed a similar blessing in their husbands—few have found men who have been content to stand in the background themselves, and simply to give loving care, and disinterested and firm critical advice, and constant aid in every possible way in advancing the fame and improving the work of their wives. True, there have been comparatively few illustrious women, and in the nature of the case many of those have been unmarried. I do not mean that marriage is opposed in itself to greatness, but that it "gives hostages to fortune" in the way of a man's dinner to see after a nursery to engage time and thought, and social duties to fulfil for the husband's business or personal advantage, and hence has needs been to many women who might, if celibate, have attained some position, the end of all

possibility of that strenuous effort by which Fame must be wooed. As a corollary many eminent women are single. There are, however, two splendid instances of men having been as devoted to the fame and as helpful in daily life to the progress of their wives as so many, many wives have shown themselves in the reverse situation.

Now I know my well-read readers will at once think of the Brownings. Well—it is impossible to say. We hear a great deal of Mr. Browning's devotion to his wife's fame, and reverence for her genius; but I "cannot away with" the strange fact that when, after her death, he was the owner of her copyrights, he steadfastly refused permission to have that fame spread by selections from her poems being given place with her peers in anthologies or works on the poetry of the era. This fact was told me by two separate literary men who had vainly sought the permission, and had been compelled by his curt refusal to fall back on the few very early writings of hers that had run out of copyright, and that, in the nature of the case, were far inferior to her later work and gave a poor idea of her genius as it was in her prime. Again, it is on record that the couple worked in separate rooms, and that Mrs. Browning said that she never showed her work to her husband till it was (I think) printed; at any rate, not till it was past the stage of far-reaching criticism. "Aurora Leigh" was certainly commenced in 1833, but Browning did not see a line of it till the first six books were completed, in 1856. The inimitable "Sonnets from the Portuguese" were finished before the poetess gathered courage to tuck them in one of her husband's pockets and flee from his sight. Outsiders tell of the unity and devotion of this couple; but there was not there the domestic criticism and help in production that is alluded to.

No, the two instances in my mind do not include the Brownings. They are George Eliot and Lewes, and Mary Somerville and her husband. The devotion with which Lewes not only helped Marian Evans's work so far as he could, but kept annoyances from her, and sought for her as she could not do for herself recognition and tokens of respect, is well known—mainly, it must be admitted, by the offence that the sight gave to many men. As regards that great scientist, Mary Somerville, her daughter records that Dr. Somerville might have written successfully himself, but "he was far happier in helping my mother in various ways, searching the libraries for facts she required, indefatigably copying and recopying her manuscripts to save her time. No trouble seemed too great that was bestowed on her; it was a labour of love." She adds that "his English was singularly pure and correct," and "he was a severe critic in reading over the last proof-sheets of my mother's works previous to their publication." Mrs. Somerville must have appreciated this help the more from the fact that she, like Wagner, had previously suffered under the reverse experience in a first marriage. In that case, she said, "I met with no sympathy from him, as he had a very low opinion of the capacity of my sex, and had neither knowledge of nor interest in science."

A correspondent residing abroad asks me if earrings are being restored to fashion, as she has heard, by the Duchess of York; and further, if I do not think that they



A SMART COSTUME.

are becoming ornaments? The Duchess wears no more than the little "tops," that have never gone out of fashion. Many ladies, however, have continued to wear long diamond earrings in the fullest of dress, on the same occasions as they wear their tiaras and their largest diamond necklaces. I do think earrings most becoming: "swinging censers of light," as Oliver Wendell Holmes called them, they add a brilliance to the appearance that no other ornaments can supply. F. F.-M.

NELSON the Hero of Trafalgar

AND Pears

SOAP

HAVE
BECOME

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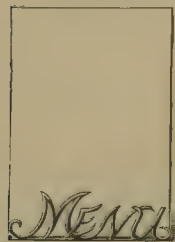
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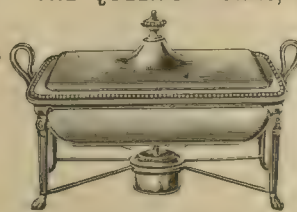


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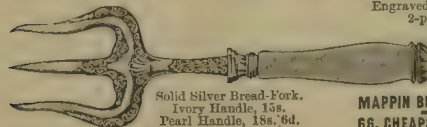


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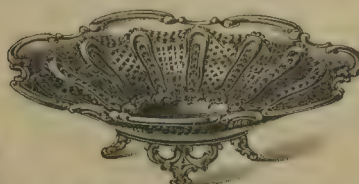
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66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (SIR JOHN BENNETT'S); 220, REGENT ST., W.; & THE QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 25, 1897) of Lady Jane Charteris Dundas, widow of Colonel Philip Dundas, of 28, Bruton Street, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Oct. 5 by the Right Hon. William St. John Fremantle Brodriek, Miss Charlotte Harriet Forbes, and Miss Katharine Louisa Forbes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £187,877. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh; £1000 to the Rev. Dr. MacGregor, of Edinburgh, upon trust, for the Foreign Missions of the Church of Scotland; £1000 to the Bishop of Peterborough, upon trust, for the Foreign Missions of the Church of England; £1000 to the Rev. James Cameron Lees and David Douglas, upon trust, for St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh; £1000 each to the Convalescent Hospital and Chalmers Hospital, Edinburgh; £1000 to Lord Meath, to be expended by him in such manner as he shall think best in helping poor people in emigration; £1000 to Longmore Hospital, Edinburgh; £1000 to Miss Octavia Hill, of 190, Marylebone Road, to be laid out at her discretion for the advantage of poor persons; £200 to the Rev. David Anderson, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square, for distribution in charities; £100 to the said David Douglas for charities; £100 to Miss Plowright, of 287, Burdett Road, for distribution among the poor of Poplar; £500 to the Boys' Home, (Church Farm, East Barnet); £1000 to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy; £500 each to the Charity Organisation Society and the Additional Curates Society; £2000 to the Bishop of London's Fund; £500 to the London Fever Hospital (Liverpool Road); £1000 to St. George's Hospital; £500 to the Royal Caledonian Asylum (Caledonian Road); £500 to the Royal Scottish Corporation (Crane Court); £1000 each to King's College Hospital and Guy's Hospital; £500 to the Middlesex Hospital; £200 each to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution, the Asylum for Idiots (Barnswood), the National Orphan Home (Ham Common), the Edgware Hospital for Children, the Edinburgh Association for Incurables, the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, the Royal Blind Asylum and School at Edinburgh, the Society for the Relief of Destitute Sick (Instituted 1785, Edinburgh), the Society for the Relief of Indigent Old Men (Edinburgh), the Society for Improvement of the Condition of the Poor in Edinburgh and the Wellington Reformatory Farm at Ponciuk; and £1000 for the benefit of St. Mary's Cathedral (Edinburgh). She further gives £2000 to Ann, Countess of Warwick; her leasehold house and stables in Bruton Street and £2000 to the Viscountess de Vesci; £4000 each to the Hon. Sidney Greville, Lady Eva Greville (now Dugdale), and Lady Susan Suttie; £3000 each to Margaret Grant Suttie and Katharine Grant Suttie; £2000 to Robert Grant Suttie; £3000 each to Lady Lilian Yorke, Lady Hilda Brodriek, and George Brodriek; £4000 and her wines and liquors at Bruton Street to Lord Ormathwaite; £1000 each to Lady Ormathwaite, the children of the late Lady Elizabeth Cluff,

Lady Victoria Campbell, Lady Baillie Hamilton, the Hon. Mrs. Trelawney, and the Hon. Mrs. Rosa Walsh or Barnett; £2000 to the Right Hon. St. John Brodriek, and many other legacies. The residue of her real, heritable, and personal property she leaves to Charlotte Forbes and Katharine Forbes equally.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1881), with two codicils (dated Sept. 29, 1884, and Nov. 18, 1887), of Mrs. Mary Ann Sedgwick, of the Brewery House, Watford, Herts, widow, who died on Aug. 26, has been proved by the Rev. Gordon Sedgwick and the Rev. Thomas Arnold Sedgwick, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £164,161, as far as can at present be ascertained. The testatrix gives £2000 each to her sons Gordon and Thomas Arnold; £500 each to her unmarried children; her jewels and ornaments of the person to her daughters; £100 each to servants who have been in her employ for ten years, and £30 each to those who have served five years. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her children (except her son Frederick James), and the children of any deceased child. She states that she is the sole proprietor of the brewery business, and her executors are to have absolute power to carry on or dispose of the same in such manner as they shall think fit.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1892) of Mr. John Wells Leavers, J.P., of The Hermitage, The Park, Nottingham, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Sept. 20 at the Nottingham District Registry by Mrs. Sarah Leavers, the widow, Matthew Henry Hall and Thomas Hall, the nephews, and George Parr, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £87,003. The testator bequeaths his leasehold house and premises, with the furniture, plate, pictures, jewels, carriages and horses, to his wife, and she is to receive the income of his residuary estate during her life. At her decease he gives £5000 to the Nottingham General Hospital; £1000 to the Midland Institute for the Blind (Chaucer Street, Nottingham); £2000 each to his sisters Sarah Leavers and Ann Leavers; £1000 each to his niece Mary Isabella Tahourdin, Beatrice Tahourdin, and Mrs. Mary Gardiner; £300 to George Parr; and legacies to friends and servants. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves between his and his wife's nephews and nieces, Daniel Hall, Henry Hall, Thomas Hall, John Hall, Alice Quibell, Ann Quibell, Elizabeth Ellin, Mary Atkinson, Sarah Morley, Ada Kingdon, Edward Morley, William Morley, John Simpson Morley, and Arthur William Battersby, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated March 4, 1897), with a codicil (dated May 13, 1897), of the Right Hon. Georgina, Baroness Fitzhardinge, widow, of 9, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, who died on July 30, was proved on Oct. 5 by Sir George Banks Jenkinson and Alfred Octavius Kirby, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £22,888. The testatrix directs that the leasehold house, 9, Hill Street, is to be sold, and out of the proceeds thereof a sum of £800, and such a sum in Consols as will produce £80 per annum, are to be held, upon trust, to found, keep in repair, and endow almshouses at Berkeley. She gives the painting of

her deceased husband by Frank Holl to the person who shall at the time of her death be in receipt of the rents and profits of Berkeley; £7000, upon trust, for her godson John Banks Jenkinson; and many specific gifts of jewels, plate, etc., to relatives and friends, and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her niece Dame Madeline Holme Jenkinson.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1891), with a codicil (dated Dec. 19, 1892), of Captain Belford Randolph Wilson, late of the 19th Hussars, of Cedar Cottage, Greywell, Hants, who died on July 20, has been proved by Clement Pound and William Sidney Harrison, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £38,072. The testator gives his swords, medals, pictures, and miniatures to his son Belford Carleton Hinton Wilson, and £50 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 8, 1885) of Dame Emma Woodiwiss, of The Pastures, near Derby, widow of Sir Abraham Woodiwiss, Mayor of Derby 1880-81-82, was proved in the Derby District Registry, on Sept. 3, by Abraham Woodiwiss and George Woodiwiss, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £15,644. The testatrix gives all her stocks and shares in the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway as to one-quarter each to the Children's Hospital, Derby; the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Friars Gate; the Derby Ragged School, and the Wesleyan Methodist Foreign Missions; all her shares and interest in the Midland Railway, upon trust, for her sister Abigail Garratt for life, and then upon further trusts for her niece Mary Ann Garratt and her children, and £100 to her housemaid, Esther Richardson. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughters, Mary and Emma. She expressly states she has made no provision for her children, as they are already provided for by their father.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Fife, of the general disposition and settlement (dated June 16, 1890), with two codicils (dated June 11 and Aug. 16, 1894), of the Right Hon. Jeanne Endoxie Dowager Countess of Lindsay, of 73, Queen's Gate, who died on June 24, granted to Mrs. Mary Eudoxie Lindsay Kelsall, Miss Blanche Elizabeth Annette Dallas, and Miss Jeanne Clara Susan Dallas, the executrices nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 2, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £9537.

The will and codicil of Mr. Freeman Leopold Bagnall, J.P., of 82, Watergate Street, Chester, who died on June 7, have been proved in the Chester District Registry by Mrs. Georgiana Bagnall and John Gamon, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2239.

The will of Mr. Thomas Barnes, of 90, Orlando Street, Bolton, Lancashire, who died on July 5, was proved on Sept. 7 in the Manchester District Registry by Mrs. Jane Barnes, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4639 1s. 2d.

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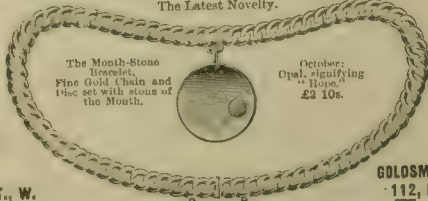
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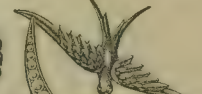
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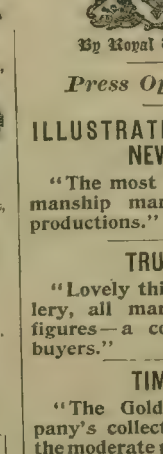
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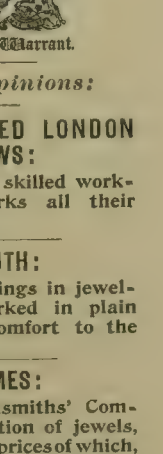
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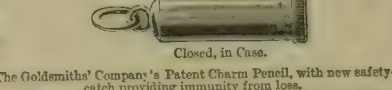


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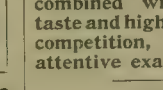


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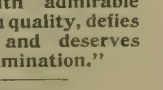


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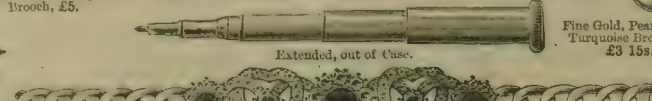
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NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION!

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

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—SHAKSPEARE.

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A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

'REVERENCE for what is
PURE and BRIGHT
IN your YOUTH; for what
TRUE and TRIED
IN the AGE of OTHERS;
for all that is GRACIOUS
AMONG the LIVING,
GREAT among the DEAD,
AND MARVELLOUS in
the POWER
THAT CANNOT DIE.'
RESKIN.
IF I take the wings of the
morning and
DWELL in the uttermost
parts
OF the UNIVERSE, 'THY
POWER IS THERE.'
KNOWEST thou ANY
CORNER of the WORLD
WHERE at least FORCE
is not?

THE WITHERED LEAF CANNOT DIE;

DETACHED!
SEPARATED! I say
there is
NO SUCH SEPARATION:
Nothing hitherto
WAS ever stranded; east
and west;
BUT ALL were it only a
withered leaf,
WORKS together with
all; is BORNE FORWARD on
THE BOTTOMLESS,
SHORELESS FLOOD of ACTION,
AND LIVES THROUGH
PERPETUAL META-
MORPHOSES.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

THE Withered Leaf IS
NOT DEAD and LOST.
THERE are Forces in it
and
AROUND it, though
working in inverse order!
ELSE how could it ROT?
DESPISE NOT the RAG
from which
MAN MAKES PAPER, or
the
LITTER from which
THE EARTH makes
CORN.
RIGHTLY viewed,
NO MEANEST OBJECT is
INSIGNIFICANT;
ALL Objects are as
WINDOWS, through
which the
PHILOSOPHIC EYE
looks into
INFINITUDE ITSELF
CARLYLE.

MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY
PROVES that matter is
INDESTRUCTIBLE.
INTELLECT, UNDER-
STANDING, GENIUS,
ABILITY, SENSE— is
superior to
SUPERIOR to MATTER:
then it is
NOT LOGIC to Preserve
the INFERIOR and
DESTROY the SUPERIOR
THE following beautiful
lines from LONGFELLOW'S
'RESIGNATION' are
TRUE:

*"There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death."*—LONGFELLOW.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

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O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE KING," AT THE COURT.

Your appreciation of Herr Humperdinck's play, "The Children of the King," which Mr. John Davidson has tried to polish into suitable English for the Court—surely the most appropriately named theatre for aught of royalty—will depend entirely on your attitude. If you approach it with imagination, with no demand for a moral, you will find that it is just a simple little fairy tale. Once upon a time a Prince, flinging off the trammels of a court, broke away into the forest on a hunting tour; and one day he met a maiden herding geese. He loved her on the spot, and pronounced all royalty for her sake. But she had to say him nay, for she was haunted by the fear of the beldame with whom she lived, the terrible witch of Hella Wood; and the Prince cursed her and disappeared in great wrath. The folk of Hella, however, sent a deputation to the witch to ask for a sign of a King, and returned to their city to wait the hour when a sovereign should appear. The city gates flew open at the hour appointed, and, lo! in walked the Goose-girl and rushed straight to the arms of her Prince, now masquerading as a swineherd. Then

were the Hella burghers exceeding wroth and cast the pair out into the wilderness, where they wandered until winter came, and at last lay down to die. But faithfulness even unto death was rewarded, for by a magic loaf of bread the King came into his own again. Such in outline is the story, a fantasy in conception, if not always in realisation. But then, our theatrical audiences are not built for fantasy—witness the freezing reception once accorded to Mr. W. B. Yeats's exquisite "Lord of Heart's Desire," with its beautiful rhythm-motif. In the present case Herr Humperdinck has supplied music as the background; but somehow the speech and the melody do not combine. Nor is the acting quite sympathetic, though Miss Jessie Loftus is gentle enough as the Goose-girl, Mr. Martin Harvey brave enough as the Prince, while Mr. Dion Boucault has a fine touch as a minstrel with a mission. A little girl, Miss Lina Verdi, danced and sang charmingly as a broom-binder's daughter. The scenery is pretty, the dresses are in fine taste, but there is just something missing to make illusion, difficult in any case, quite perfect.

"THE VAGABOND KING," AT THE METROPOLE.

It is also about a dethroned sovereign that Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker (well named for such a purpose) has

written in "The Vagabond King," produced by Mr. Murray Carson at the Theatre Métropole, Camberwell, on Oct. 18. Taken as fantasy, the play is as charming as "The Prisoner of Zenda," and a good deal more human. Don Pedro XIV. of Peru holds court with his mother, Doña Pia (Miss Baleman), in a house in Park Lane. At the very reception where he was practically to ascend the throne, a revolution upsets his dynasty; but his proud mother marries him to an heiress, Stella Desmond (Miss Ashwell), whom he really loves. The whole family (unknown to the "King"), including the ex-King of Sardinia, live upon the girl's fortune until it is quite exhausted, and he comes to learn the truth at the end of two years. Then the King sickens of his Court—of the Sardinian monarch, a worthless wastrel; of the Irish soldier, Chevalier Moffat (Mr. Sidney Brough), and of the sham Princess Zea of Santorin (Miss Phyllis Broughton). Even when the throne is again within his grasp, he proclaims his right to manhood and goes off into London's wilds to earn his living. At the end of six months we find his wife safely housed on Ilighgate Hill, waiting for her vagabond King; and "his Majesty" actually came back to her after his troubles, as the assistant to a fencing master! Once again his mother and her

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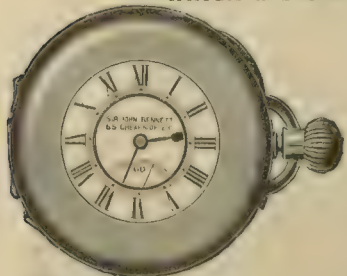
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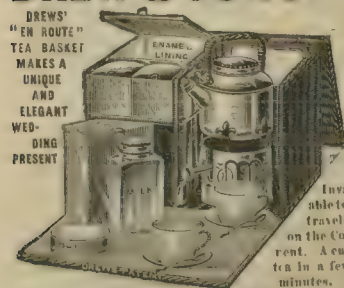
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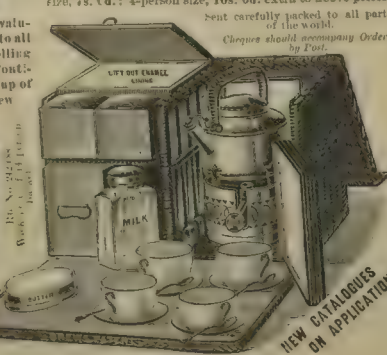
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adviser, Don Miguel (Mr. Gilbert Farquhar), appear with an offer of the throne, but as that entails his repudiation of his faithful consort, he rejects the offer and again proclaims his marriage. Altogether "The Vagabond King" is a charming play, lacking, perhaps, the irony of Anthony Hope's romance, but more buoyant, more helpful. Mr. Murray Carson was excellent as Don Pedro, and Mr. George Grossmith, jun., excelled himself as the ex-Sardinian King. Indeed, the whole company was capital, and they and Mr. Parker were called before the curtain by a delighted audience.

THE AVENUE TRIPLE BILL.

The remarkable feebleness of the ordinary curtain-raiser fairly indicates the scarcity of good one-act plays and the difficulty of running a triple bill. Thus it is that within a fortnight Mr. Fitzroy Gardner has had to replace the work of Mrs. Beringer and the late Sir Charles Young by two other pieces—"The Lady Burglar" and "More than Ever." The first tells of an improbable escapade: how a young Bostonian got into a flat in Mayfair at midnight and extracted a cheque from the owner on the plea of being a lady burglar. The ruse is successfully kept up to the end, when you learn that it was undertaken for a bet with the burglarized gentleman's wife. The second piece, "More than Ever," by the late Arthur Mathison, with music by Meyer Lutz, is a clumsy burlesque of old-fashioned melodramatic methods that was once made funny by Mr. John Clayton. As played now it is merely dull. The submarine musical fantasy, "The Mermaids," still holds the bill, and plays more closely than before.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition of the original drawings made by the three Messrs. Rhead for a new edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" is interesting as much from a psychological as from an artistic point. The designs show conclusively how impossible it is for an artist of the latter end of the nineteenth century to interpret the thoughts of an enthusiast of the seventeenth century. Between the two conditions of thought and feeling—especially on things spiritual—there is a gulf of two centuries, and the more conscientious the artist of to-day, the less is he able to realise what was animating the thinker of the past. Mr. G. W. Rhead brings to his work a mind imbued more with the teachings of Burne-Jones than of John Bunyan. Mr. Louis Rhead is more imaginative, and at times he is so playful and humorous that one thinks he might feel more at his ease in illustrating "Hudibras" than "The Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Fred Rhead is more scientific in the arrangement of his groups, and more artistic in managing them, as may be seen in the admirably composed scene of "Pliable's Return." In the drawing of "The Jury" there are some excellent touches, not a whit broader than those of the author, but the danger in such cases is of falling into mere caricature. It is, moreover, difficult to understand why in this group Low Heart is depicted as a winking Puritan and his neighbour High Mind as a stately Cavalier. Could such a contrast have ever suggested itself to Bunyan? or are we to look for the hidden gibe at the latter as a "time-server" indicated by the watch he is ostentatiously displaying? As to the drawing of

many of the designs, there is nothing but praise to be said. It is generally vigorous in touch and direct in its meaning, and the book, when it appears, will be valuable as offering a nineteenth-century commentary upon a standard and ever-popular allegory. The designs are to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street.

The courteous but pertinacious honorary secretary of "Scapa" (which being interpreted signifies the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising) deserves more support than, we fear, he is likely to obtain in his crusade. All of us in a way are annoyed or disgusted as we speed along to find the country to which we are flying for relief from town annoyances rendered hideous by the advertisement of articles on long stretches of railway. At the same time we doubt very much if the æsthetic sense of any but a select few is really shocked by these displays, and we console ourselves with the comforting reflection that we are not so bad as our neighbours, who will disfigure the steepest Alpine rocks, or avail themselves of the bed of a translucent lake, to advertise their wares. The time may—perhaps will—come when the utilitarian spirit will give way to the artistic, but one has not seen that to be the historical order of progression among the nations of the past; and, at any rate, it will be wiser to cultivate the feeling of love of an unsullied nature than to run counter to the spirit of the time. This is essentially the age of advertisement, and sincerely as we wish success to "Scapa" and its work, we cannot blink the fact that the majority of our fellow-creatures, at home and abroad, are indifferent to the woes from which that

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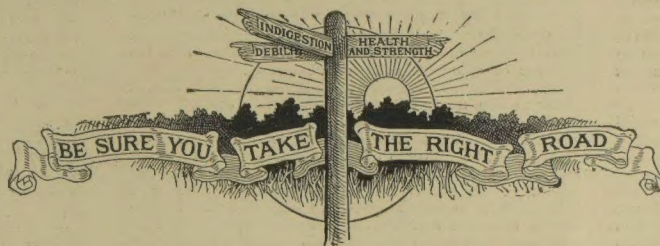
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The story which has been current that Lord Rothschild has purchased three pictures from the Six collection at Amsterdam for a million francs (£40,000), or a million guilders (£80,000), must be received with caution. Doubtless the names of the pictures have been given in the French papers: "A Scene near Dordrecht," by Cuyt; "The Music Lesson," by Van der Borch; and "A Young Woman at a Window," by Gerard Douw. Of these, the two latter works

can be easily identified as "The Girl with a Birdcage" and Terburg's "The Duet." Both of them are undoubtedly very excellent specimens of their respective masters. The last-mentioned picture was purchased for the Lormier collection in 1763 for £35, and fifty years ago it was valued at five hundred guineas. The Gerard Douw is also a work of exquisite finish, but its value in the market could not exceed a few thousand pounds at the utmost. The picture by Cuyt is more difficult to identify, although there are only four or five works by him in the gallery. The two best specimens by this master in the Six collection, known as "Night" and "Morning," represent scenes on the river near Dordrecht, but it is scarcely likely that the pair would be separated. There are other pictures in the Six Gallery—

notably Rembrandt's portrait of the "Burgomaster and his Wife," and two pictures of Van der Meer of Delft, which in these days of inflated prices might perhaps be valued at the amount stated to have been paid by Lord Rothschild. But there is no likelihood that such pictures as these have left their native land, although it must not be forgotten that the present Six collection represents only the remnant of a greater gallery, which was partially dispersed in 1877, when the share falling to the Van Loon family realised in Paris over £120,000. In all likelihood the pictures are those named, and the price paid is probably one-tenth of the figure stated.

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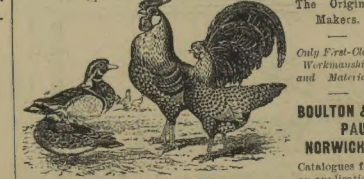
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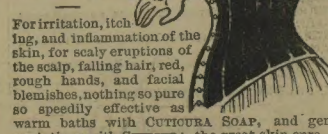
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much attention, except so far as they bore upon philological or literary problems. At the meeting, however, recently held at Paris, numerous specimens of the arts of antiquity were exhibited, and the question of that abstruse subject, Byzantine art, was discussed at considerable length. That it was of purely Arab origin, as has been so long maintained, was dismissed by the majority of the speakers; nor was the theory that it came through the Copts from an Egyptian source received with much greater favour. One of the speakers, who had evidently been studying the new ground opened up by the French occupation of Tunis, propounded the startling theory that the real source of Byzantine art and decoration was to be sought in the art of Carthage. In support of his views he produced photographs of the interior of the great Mosque of Kairouan,

still one of the most flourishing cities of Tunis, but originally of Roman origin. The capitals of the pillars which support the Mosque he held to be chiefly Carthaginian, either brought thither after the destruction of Carthage by the Romans or the work of sculptors who had been trained in the national school. He further expressed his belief that a more thorough exploration of the ruined cities of the interior would bring to light sufficient traces of Carthaginian art to enable artists and archaeologists to advance fresh theories as to its origin.

The Rev. H. H. Henson, of Ilford, contributes to the *Guardian* a very able letter on the teaching of the Old Testament to children. He thinks that the clergy are not

sufficiently regardful of the signs of the times. The way of English folks is to say little about their religious doubts, but quietly to fall out of religious observance. He says that congregations (which are wretched enough in view of the population, though the churches are commonly full) are mainly composed of women. Not one in ten of the men appear to have any interest in religion. Mr. Henson says that "the Old Testament lesson in an elementary school never fails to distress and alarm me. All the while the teacher is packing the crudest literalism into the children's heads. I have a vision of the secularist at a little later stage in their lives making terrible work with it all, and sweeping away not alone the literalism but all that the literalism was bound up with and seemed inseparable from—religion itself."

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